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10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

Embassy Soap

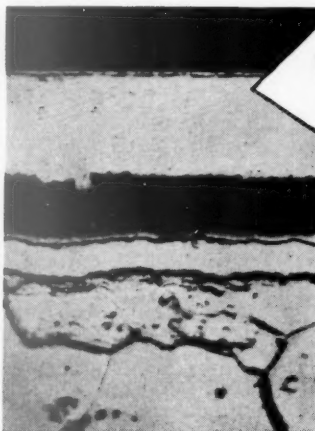
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A & F. PEARS LTD., LONDON

PY 21/96

How photography helps FORD MOTOR COMPANY LTD



IS IT A GOOD FINISH?
that's the question

This photomicrograph taken in the Ford laboratory answers the question. It is a section through chromium plating. Ford technicians take photographs like this as part of their scrupulous check on the quality of materials and the efficiency of processes. For this and for many other uses of photography, including mass radiography of all employees, in their great Dagenham factory they use 'Kodak' materials.

Can Applied Photography help you? WRITE TO

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C49/4N

AUTHENTIC "MASCULINES" by George Webb

the Shoes
for which
Men are
waiting



Quote
W6/163



Quote
W3/162



Quote
W7/164

Yes, they are here.

Brand new in every detail of cut, make and finish. See the distinctive lines in the style of uppers and bottoms. Examine the robust nature of the leathers. The bottoms are made with double through leather soles cut one-piece-wise from toe to heel.

"Masculines" are sturdy in character, firm in stance, durable in wear. They are made in Northampton, home of the world's finest shoemakers. There are various models from which to select. All are uniformly priced.

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Available in 'SAVILE ROW' & 'MENTONE' Ranges

HOW FORD

Eases

THE LOAD



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"shedding the load"—and the strain which the
industrial and domestic requirements place on the
nation's supply of gas and electricity. The Ford
organisation at Dagenham does not draw on that
supply but *contributes* to it. The great works at
Dagenham makes its own gas and electricity—and
in such quantity that a considerable surplus is made
available to the public. Thousands of kitchen stoves
are kept happily cooking by the Dagenham surplus,
and this without in any way interfering with the
steady and increasing flow of traffic along the
factory production lines and on the export jetty.
So Ford of Dagenham eases Britain's load—serves
Britain's recovery from the kitchen to the ends
of the earth.

Ford
OF DAGENHAM

Ford Enterprise for British Prosperity

A Wise Provision—

TO APPOINT LLOYDS BANK
AS YOUR EXECUTOR

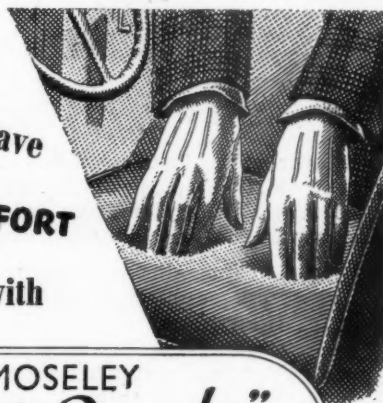
Your friends will be grateful to you for sparing
them the irksome duties of executorship.

Your dependants will appreciate your
foresight in arranging for your affairs to be
dealt with by those having the experience and
the organisation to ensure that your wishes
are promptly and efficiently carried out.

Let LLOYDS BANK
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Every car will have
LUXURY COMFORT
when fitted with



MOSELEY
"Float-On-Air"
PNEUMATIC UPHOLSTERY
THE SEAT YOU SIT IN—NOT ON

Far greater comfort per mileage—
—no more sagging cushions—
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after, as the day you installed
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H.M.V.
'MOLTON'
COFFEE
PERCOLATOR



GOOD HOUSEKEEPING
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This better-looking Percolator makes better coffee — that is why the 'Molton' appeals to those who know the value of good things. Artistry of design and a high standard of efficiency are combined in the following:—

- * Strong construction, with beautiful mirror-chrome finish for easy cleaning.
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- * Capacity equal to 9 standard-size coffee cups.
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H.M.V.

'Molton'
Coffee Percolator

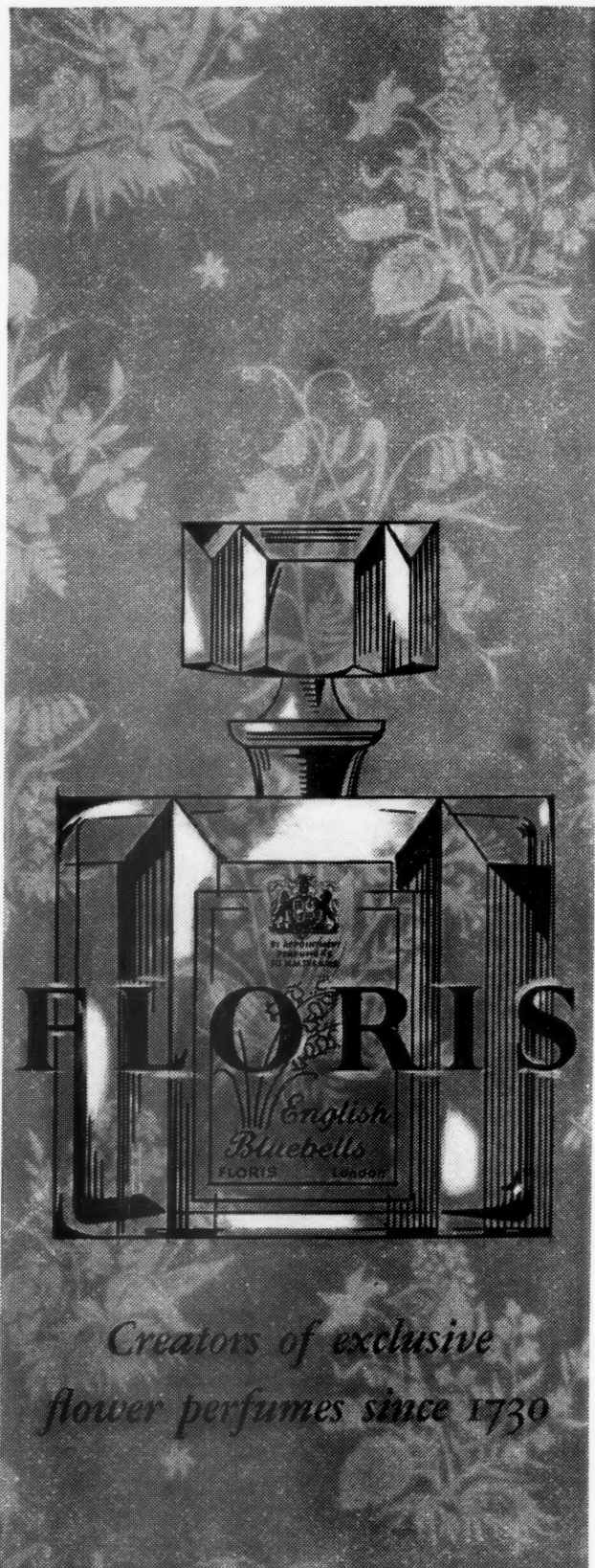
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P.5

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flattering, fashionable . . . created in
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Such is the perfection **Lustron** brings.
Lustron is an innovation in permanent
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to keep the colours true



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TURNER & PRICE Ltd., Coffee Specialists,
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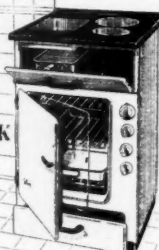
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You can't beat a

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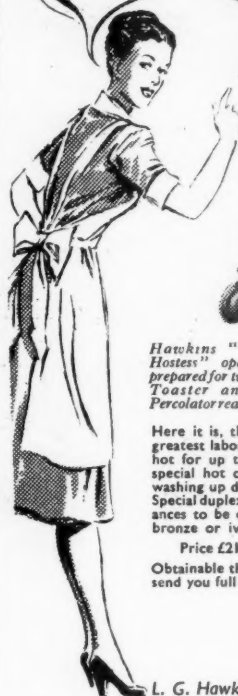
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GOOD COOK
deserves a
**GOOD
COOKER**

Belling & Co. Ltd., Bridge Works, Enfield, Middx.
FOUNDED IN 1912



CRC92

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Hawkins "Electric Hostess" opened and prepared for two people. Toaster and Coffee Percolator ready for use.

An ideal gift! Perfect combination of elegance, utility, labour saving and efficiency. Observe perfect design and beautiful finish.

Here it is, the new patented streamlined "Electric Hostess," the greatest labour-saver yet invented. The Hostess keeps food piping hot for up to six hours after cooking. Also keeps plates hot in special hot cupboard. An ideal dining table for two. Minimises washing up drudgery.

Special duplex plug attachment permits two additional electrical appliances to be operated simultaneously. Beautifully finished in toned bronze or ivory and gold. Saves time, labour, fuel and trouble.

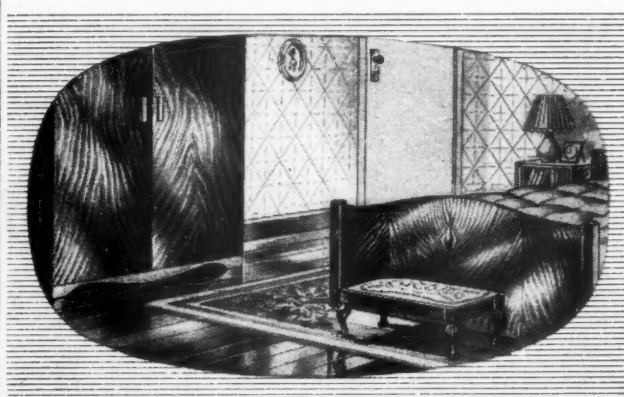
Price £21. 0. 0. inc. P.T.

Duplex Plug £1. 1. 0. extra.

Obtainable through leading Stores and Electrical Retailers. Let us send you full descriptive literature—write to-day.

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Antiseptic
**THROAT
PASTILLES**

based on the skill
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three generations

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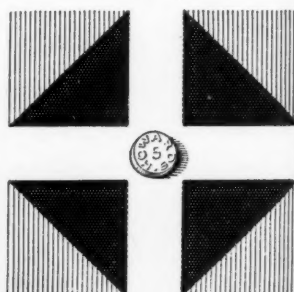
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I specialise in replacing bristles in worn brushes. Forward your Ivory, Silver or Ebony brushes, when quotation will be sent by return of post.

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MATTERS SO MUCH**

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It is not the cheapest
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To th
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ever at

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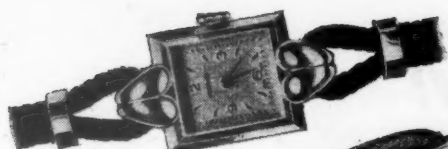


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Silversmiths & Jewellers

Asprey

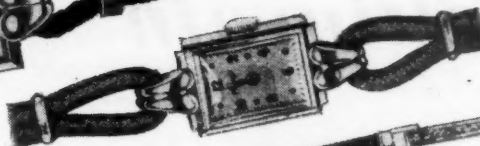
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and 62-64 The Promenade, Cheltenham

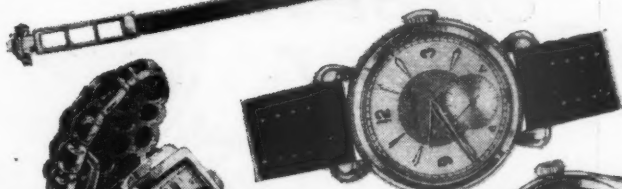


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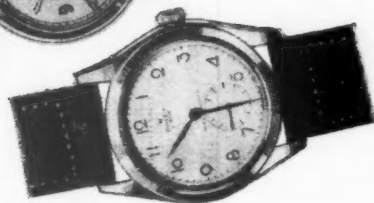


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WHITE GOLD BRACELET
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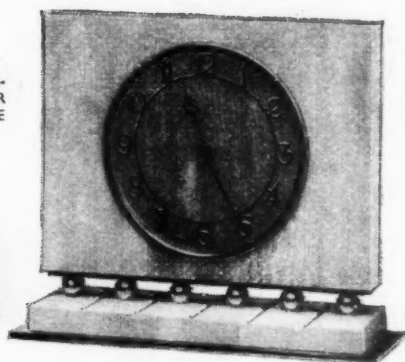


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WHITE ONYX 8 DAY ENGLISH LEVER CLOCK
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FOUR SEASONS

The
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a fascinating half-length
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Hand-picked skins; gleamingly
processed—
styled for tomorrow's fashion.
This mantle of magic is the fur
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To the business woman and the busy woman the "Four Seasons" coats are a MUST—flattering in any company—essential for the winter months ahead. Call today and inspect the quality and fascinating selection—the best value ever at prices from **19½ to 31 gns.**

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Benvenuto Cellini
1500—1571



Florentine, braggart, superb craftsman, Benvenuto Cellini worked in gold and silver for Popes and Kings. A salt-cellar made for Francis I of France was his most famous and extravagant feat.



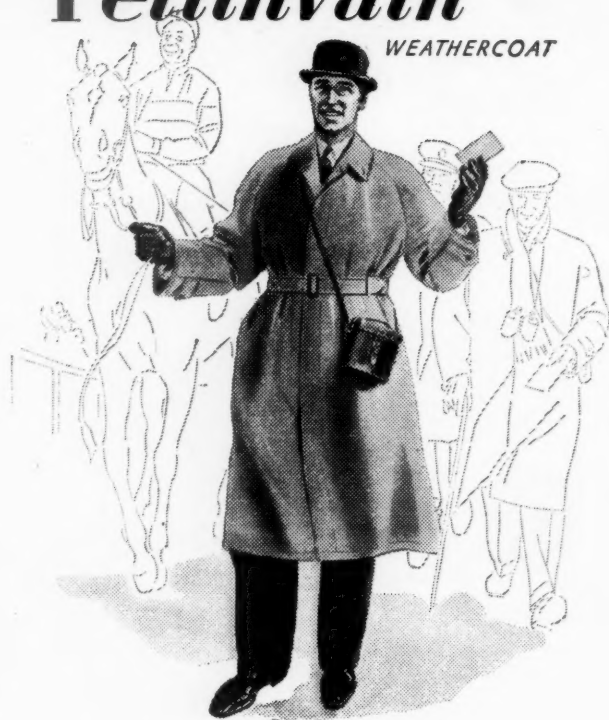
Time and judicious cleaning enhance silver's beauty.

Goddard's polishes are chosen to preserve and display in their full magnificence the most priceless museum-pieces in the world.

Goddard's Silver Polishes

Plate Powder • Silver Polish • Silver Cloths • Silver Wool

IN WIND OR RAIN WEAR A
Peltinvain
 WEATHERCOAT



'You've lost an inch or so, sir!'

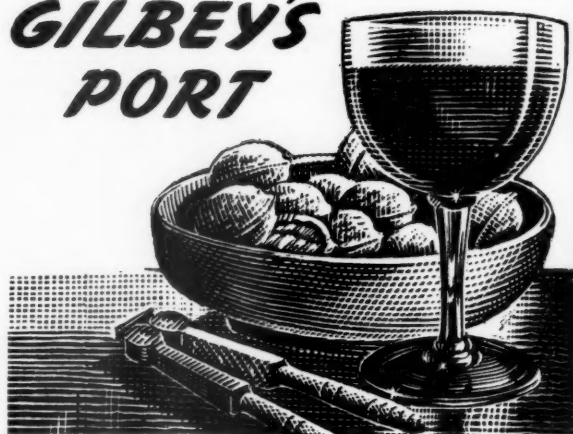
Yes, your tailor will certainly be surprised (as any good tailor would), at the change in your measurements when you take to wearing a Linia Belt. It braces slack muscles and improves both your appearance and your health. Why not enquire about this comfortable, inconspicuous garment? Linia Shorts are now available too. Free booklet on the Linia Method from Dept. B28 at the address below.

LINIA BELTS Sold only by
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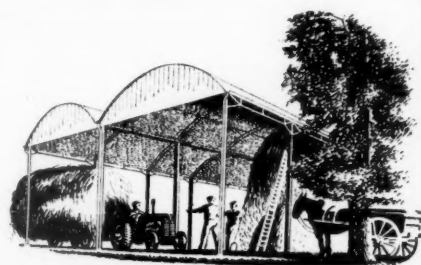
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Admire its rich ruby colour
 Inhale its exquisite bouquet
 Relish the really excellent
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**GILBEY'S
 PORT**



YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU GOT GILBEY'S



when the Dutch Barn

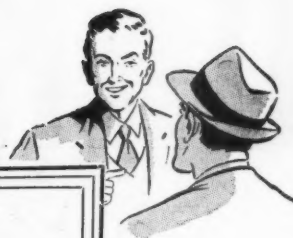
is made by **BOULTON
 AND PAUL**

IT'S A FIRST CLASS JOB

Good workmanship is traditional at Boulton and Paul. For over 150 years there have always been sons eager to carry on in their father's footsteps. The Barfield family, to quote only one example, have been employed in the business for so long that the sheet metal shop is known as Barfield's Shop. A Barfield is still in charge and his son and brother work beside him.

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 STEEL CONSTRUCTION · WOODWORKING · WIRE NETTING · FENCING · REFRIGERATORS
 CR17

*"Did you say
a 5 valve set for 17 qns.
including tax...?"*



A.121 (FOR A.C. MAINS)
£17.17.0
TAX PAID

*And there's a model
for Universal Mains—
the U.121 at £18.7.6,
Tax Paid.*

Yes, and in a handsome walnut cabinet too! Designed to give reliable, good quality reception and yet be reasonable in price, this modern table model sounds as good as it looks. It has features that are usually associated with more

expensive models such as tone control, 8" Speaker, provision for pick-up, extension speaker, etc. There just isn't another set as good at the price. Dimensions: 14½" high. x 18½" wide, 7½" deep.

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Banishes braces. Speeds dressing.
Gives about-town smartness with
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double, self-supporting Daks trousers
with a well-cut, casual lounge jacket.
In clean cut worsteds and saxonies.
From Simpson agents everywhere

a business
proposition !

TAILORED BY SIMPSON

*a new line in
foot comfort !*

The Tootal Sock has not been sold in this country before. It feels soft and comfortable to the wearer—looks very neat to the beholder. But the non-felting property of the wool (Epilox brand) and special hidden reinforcement at vital points make it a sock with an exceptionally long life. A choice of plain shades. Carries the Tootal guarantee of satisfaction.



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**CHEER UP! SMOKE A
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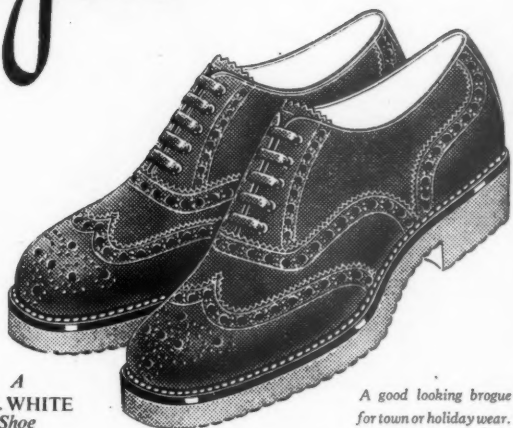
15 minutes' pleasure and satisfaction



Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. B.5

Fitting for men

Spire



A
G. T. WHITE
Shoe

A good looking brogue
for town or holiday wear.
In Tan suede

Write for name of nearest Agent. George T. White Shoe Co. Ltd. Leicester

Right for
your
lifetime—
choose a



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PRECISION
LIFE-TIMEPIECE



All 'Crusader' Watch movements are sealed and carry an "all-in" prompt Free-Service Guarantee—even against accidental breakage. From high-class Jewellers only.

Latest designs for ladies and gentlemen. Gold or Stainless Steel from £10.4.4. Also Ruby, Diamond and Sapphire, from £36.

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You'll want a Vulcan, too, when you see one! You can actually watch your cooking, control it better, through the unbreakable Glass Panel that always stays clear and keeps in the heat. Thumb-control oven heat regulation, closing coverplate, smooth finish—see a Vulcan at your Gas Showroom, or write for illustrated folder and details.



EVERY VULCAN ARMOURPLATE
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STONE'S

ORIGINAL
**GINGER
WINE**

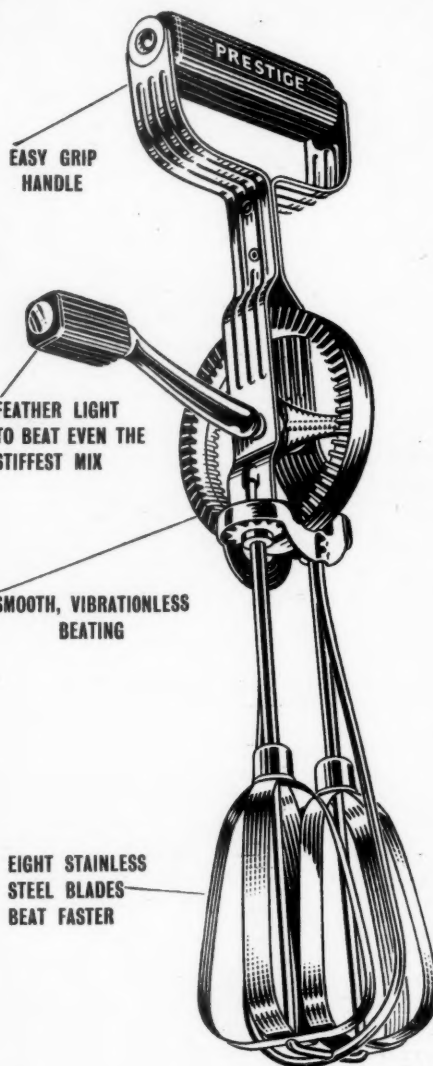
famous since 1740



Sip it!

Drink it!

Drain it!



EASY GRIP
HANDLE

FEATHER LIGHT
TO BEAT EVEN THE
STIFFEST MIX

SMOOTH, VIBRATIONLESS
BEATING

EIGHT STAINLESS
STEEL BLADES
BEAT FASTER

**This egg beater
lasts a lifetime!**

At last—an Egg Beater that does *all* the beating jobs in the kitchen, smoother, faster and without effort. The 'Prestige' is designed especially for the busy housewife. Consider its features and remember it's made to last a lifetime. It's the perfect gift. It costs a little more, but it's worth it . . . 21/- (including Purchase Tax) from all good Stores and Ironmongers.

'PRESTIGE' EGG BEATER

MAYFAIR FASHION TRAGEDY



Are you always tired?

DO YOU WONDER why you have so little energy, why even when you wake in the morning you are listless and tired? Perhaps you put the blame on food-rationing, and recall the good pre-war meals.

But it isn't food alone that controls energy. Something

else — off the ration — is just as important. Sleep! But it must be *deep* sleep to be really restoring. Horlicks helps you to get *deep* sleep.

Start drinking Horlicks to-night. In the morning you'll wake refreshed and full of energy.

HORLICKS



You can always enjoy Weston's Oval Arrowroot



With the early cup of tea, with morning coffee, at 4 o'clock and very last thing, Weston's Oval Arrowroot are always enjoyable. Not too plain, not too sweet, and easy to digest. Made from the finest ingredients obtainable, and sent from the factories oven-fresh and temptingly crisp.

Weston's
BISCUITS

BOARD MINUTE 304/49

RESOLVED - To accept the recommendation of the Chief Engineer to place an order with Newton, Chambers & Company Ltd., Sheffield, for 4 - $\frac{3}{4}$ yard N.C.K. Heavy Duty Excavators at the price quoted and in accordance with their specification and tender; each machine to be capable of digging and loading at the rate of 120 tons per hour, and the order to be subject to their promised delivery of all machines within 1 month from date of order.

We were unable to report

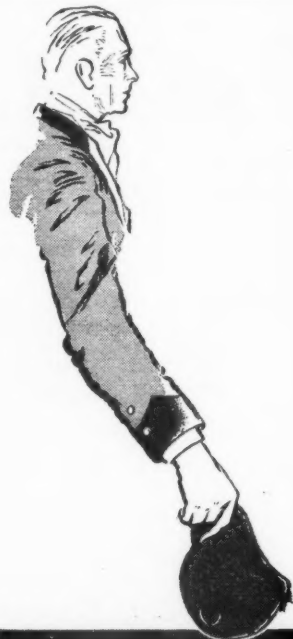
Columbus's
discovery
of America



but -

the American Scene today is vividly
reported by Alistair Cooke in

The
**MANCHESTER
GUARDIAN**

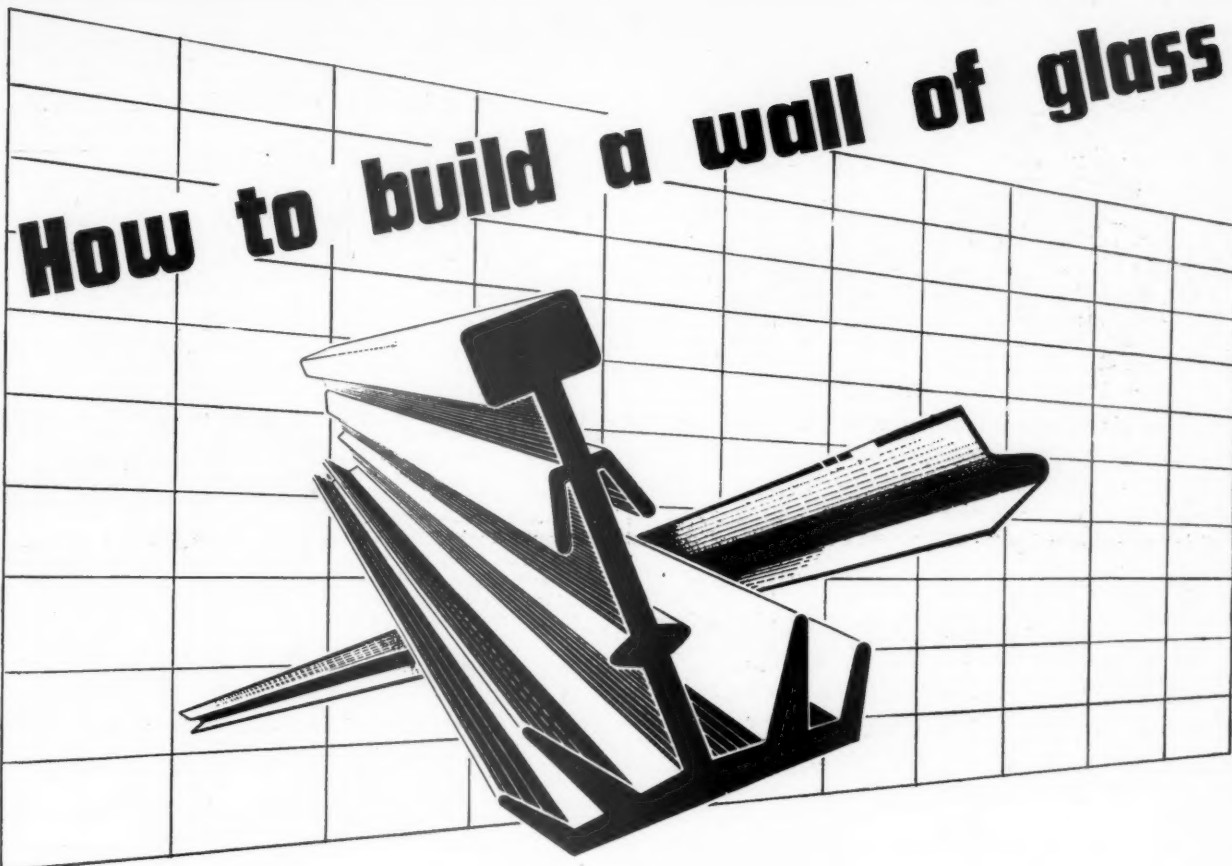


CAMUS
"LA GRANDE MARQUE"
COGNAC

Sole Agents for Great Britain and Eire.

CARTAX (LONDON) LTD.

44 CHANCERY LANE, W.C.2



You take a cunningly shaped bar of aluminium alloy and a springy, folded strip of the same metal. Insert between them panes of glass. That, in essence, is the way to give any building a wall of glass. Or a window longer than the Queen Mary, and 50 ft. high, as in the Brabazon hangar at Filton.

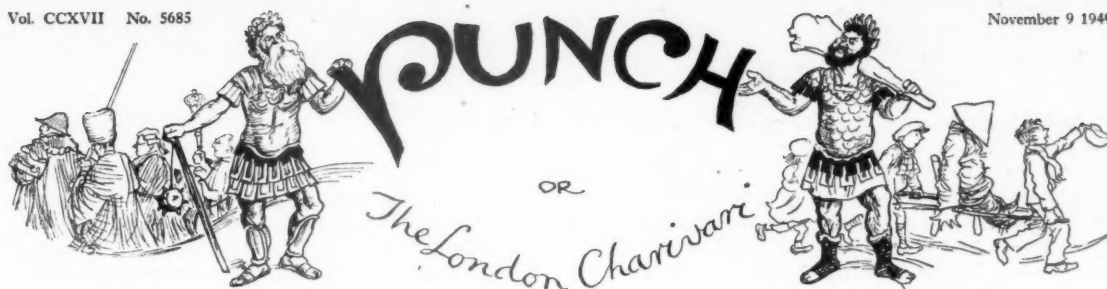
The only reservations are that the bar must be of a certain alloy and be extruded to a profile patented by Williams & Williams and be named Aluminex. Then,

to the imaginative, there are no limits to the possibilities. Architects today regard Aluminex patent glazing as an exciting method of construction.

WHY ALUMINEX? *The reasons why the Architect, Eric Ross, F.R.I.B.A., and the Consulting Engineers, Brian Colquhoun & Partners, chose Aluminex for the Brabazon hangar can be seen from this brief comparison:*

Requirements	Aluminex Advantages
Maximum light for assembling the Brabazon.	Aluminex is slim, light, offers minimum obstruction to light.
Must stand up to Atlantic gales.	Aluminex is strong; has tested gale resistance.
No corrosion visible or hidden.	Non-corroding aluminium alloy, no iron to rust where sawn or drilled.
Cheap, easy to maintain.	Negligible upkeep costs. No putty to deteriorate. No painting at any time.
Assured durability.	Durability proved all over world in last quarter century.
Good appearance, clean lines in keeping with Architect's conception.	Any photograph of Aluminex glazing supplies the answer.

The Aluminex Division of WILLIAMS & WILLIAMS Ltd
RELIANCE WORKS, CHESTER



CHARIVARIA

AN American rubber company has just celebrated the production of its 200,000,000th motor tyre. It was the employees' turn for a blow-out.

Metaphorically Speaking

"Pelion was piled upon Orissa in no uncertain fashion for three days at the City Art Gallery last week, when we were confronted with an exhibition whose presence there was scarcely less incongruous than that of a curate in Bohemia."

West Country paper



A University Don says he recently encountered a railway porter who was a classical scholar. A rather acrimonious argument developed when the porter took exception to the old Latin tags on the professor's suitcase.

Thieves recently stole a gold cup worth £2,300 from a shop window in Chiswick. Imagine their mortification on being told that it didn't become their own property until they had taken it three years in succession.

Worst Suspicions Confirmed

"LECTURE ON SUNDAY at 6.30 P.M., 'The Truth About Hell.' Christadelphian Meeting Room. Crane Court. You will be warmly welcomed."—*Advt. in "Essex Chronicle"*

An artist now exhibiting is said to see ghosts while he paints. Now doubt these account for some of the curious shades to be found in his pictures.



American dentists can now excavate for fillings with a painless jet of gas containing abrasives. Nervous patients complain that they can't see the point of this new drill.

"The smoke settled in a cloud in the still air above Stephen's head and he tilted his chair back and peered at Mirren through it, his expression faintly surprised."—*Woman's paper*
What was *her* expression?

A G.P.O. spokesman declares that the majority of people have become so conscientious that there is now really no need to exhort them to post early for Christmas. It's those who intend to telephone their greetings that should get cracking.



"Members of the Lancashire County Cricket Club committee debated far beyond their usual time in Manchester this afternoon, but the only official information coming from the secretary, Mr. Geoffrey Howard, at the conclusion of the meeting was the fact that young Johnny Kelly, the club's young batsman from Bacup, has been freed to negotiate terms with Somerset. All the other professionals have resigned."—*Manchester Evening News*

A mood of restrained optimism is said to be reigning in Yorkshire.

A North country borough surveyor recently spent an hour sweeping the streets to see how it felt. Professionals following him up complained that he was evidently not using a new broom.



LIQUID SOAP FOR SMEAR CAMPAIGN

THERE is plenty of good news about, if you look for it.

Only yesterday there was a thing on my desk, one of those publicity circulars, announcing that British Railways proposed to try the experiment of providing passengers with paper towels and liquid soap. It isn't there now, dash it; but the heartening flavour of it remains. The advantage of liquid soap over the petrified kind is that passengers cannot slip it into their pockets on leaving—a big advance. If you want to steal liquid soap (and, goodness knows, there are still men of enterprise and initiative in this country) you have to take a bottle with you and keep tilting. Liquid soap comes in shiny containers with "WET HAND AND TILT" written on them; you only get so much soap for each tilt, by some mechanism I do not understand, though I suspect it has affinities with the principle of the egg-timer. It takes a cool head to stand there tilting and tilting until the bottle is full, with a lot of well-to-do passengers hammering impatiently on the door. All this goes to show that British Railways are rightly under no illusions about the sort of characters they carry to and fro.

I say "well-to-do" passengers advisedly. The experiment is limited in the first instance to about a dozen crack trains. I could have given you their names, if people would only leave things on my desk alone; but I remember the Master Cutler was one of them, because it's a train that catches the eye. Only a month or two ago they were complaining bitterly that the new dining-cars on this train compelled Sheffield business men to sit side-by-side instead of facing. You can't do business sitting side-by-side. You can travel along, singing a song, but you can't do business. I don't know why this is, I only go by what Sheffield business men said on this occasion; but it accounts for the scarcity of deals concluded in theatres and cinemas and in the naves of churches.

Sheffield business men can go and have a wash now, anyway.

If it is asked how long it will be, at this rate, before paper towels are available on the upper deck of two-decker trains, I can only say that this sort of question is typical of those whose sole aim is to discredit the institutions, way of life and productive capacity of this country in the eyes of the world. Speaking, like

Lord Addison, as an ordinary patriotic Englishman and not as a regional top-deck passenger in need of a wash*, I want to denounce the nauseating campaign that seeks to represent every step forward taken by our nationalized industries as an attempt to throw a sop in the faces of the middle classes and simultaneously to grind those of the rich. If ever there was a time—

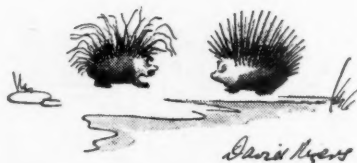
Where was I?

Good news, yes. There has been a rumour, probably started by the lying Tory press, that the ice cap is getting warmer. I don't see why Mr. Bevan should fly into a temper about this. (I don't say he has, mind; it is no good his trying to accuse this paper of misrepresentation; I only say I don't see why he should.) If the rumour is true, we should welcome it. Were the ice cap getting colder, we should be in for a fifth Ice Age, with all the inconveniences that that implies. Geologists tell us that as the mantle of ice creeps southwards, creatures from the more northerly latitudes move before it in search of open waters and edible vegetation. This would increase our difficulties. I am not thinking of Scotsmen, but of reindeer and narwhals. Walruses would choke our harbours as far south as the Thames estuary, and in the course of time Lord's itself might well be overrun by a mixture of pack-ice and polar bears. Even at the Oval cricket would be subject to constant interruptions. These are not hare-brained speculations, designed to sabotage the Government's efforts by arousing panic; they are the incontestable consequences of a cooling ice cap. But the point I want to make is that none of this is going to happen. On the contrary, the temperature is rising, so they say. If the cap is getting warmer, for heaven's sake let us wear it. Perhaps, before another twenty thousand years have slipped by, we shall be able to keep our electric fires on at breakfast-time and even, in a favourable season, raise groundnuts in the Isle of Wight. One grows a little impatient, as one peers into the long sunny days that lie ahead, of the attitude of Mr. Bossom (Conservative, Maidstone) who asks, "How many tons of imported cheese have been turned over in a mouldy condition to farmers to be used as pig food?" Where is his sense of proportion?

I admit frankly that *all* the news is not good. I see, for example, that "the British polo team, Cowdray Park, were eliminated this afternoon in the first round of the Buenos Aires handicap, a consolation competition for those beaten in the first round of the Argentine Open." There is not much cause for gratification here. Rather, British prestige abroad has received another damaging body-blow, and one that even the Government's determination to tidy up bombed sites in time for the Festival of Britain may be insufficient to counter. I don't say the blow was deliberate. I only say that, for reasons into which I cannot enter here, I suspect Cowdray Park polo team of being preponderantly Tory.

H. F. ELLIS

* The comparison with Lord Addison ends, it will be understood, at "Englishman."



"I washed it last night—can't do a thing with it this morning."



PASSING THE BUCK



"Uncle, you're the only one who can help me—I've got myself in a mess."

LUCY

or The Results of Devaluation

AT nine o'clock one Autumn day
I met her where the turnpike way
Runs down to Matthew's Pool;
She was a little cottage lass
Who there (I deem) did gently pass
Upon her way to school.

"Three miles I walked in sun and shower;
The journey took me quite an hour,
Or nearly, sir," she said;
"My brother, who is ten years old,
Last Wednesday morning caught a cold,
And is at home in bed.

Each morning, now, by tarn and fell
We walk, but why I cannot tell;
They used to send for us

(Me and my little brother Will
Who, as I told you, sir, is ill)
A special motor-bus.

We used to stand outside and wait
To watch it stop beside the gate,
Or by the cottage door;
But now no longer does it come,
Or wait at school to take us home,
As it has done of yore."

My heart leapt up to see her smile;
'Twas less, I think, than half a mile
Ere Lucy's walk was done—
But sadder thoughts my spirit shook
As slow my onward way I took
Towards The Dog and Gun.

G. H. VALLINS

COUNTER MEASURES

AT Todd and Matchworthy, the drapers, you can buy everything. I believe that if you gave them a few minutes' notice they could produce a motoring veil.

Down in the basement, which smells of earth, there is a very old man who makes puns; and up near the ceiling, in a cage, a thin youth acts as dispatcher for the overhead railway along which your change comes clicking; but otherwise the shop is staffed entirely by females.

I do not know where the assistants buy their clothes, but nowhere else will you see such respectable, high-necked black satin. From time to time, one or two girls of fresh and modern outline begin work in Todd and Matchworthy's air-tight premises, but soon have the sense to see that they are misplaced persons, and go, leaving the shop in the hands of Miss Malt, Miss Tidgett, Mrs. Sack and the others.

About two years ago the person I was most sorry for was Miss Tidgett, at the button counter. There was no need for her sharp-nosed superior in the haberdashery across the aisle to keep reminding her, publicly, that she could do nothing properly; it was all too obvious.

Miss Tidgett was a sort of Smike. She looked so unhappy when you tried to buy buttons that it was almost enough to make you say "Oh, never mind."

With trembling hands and wrists which came rather a long way out of the black satin, she turned her stock over and over despairingly, like a squirrel searching for a nut which it knows is not there. Button-buying took ages, because Miss Tidgett kept looking apprehensively across the way to see if Sharpnose was going to pounce.

Sharpnose—whose formal name was Miss Malt—would come scuttling right out from behind her haberdashery and across the aisle. With raised eyebrows, clenched teeth and a pitying, sideways smile at me she would say: "No, no, Miss Tidgett! You'll find them in that brown box—up above your head, Miss Tidgett. Your head,

girl! Even you should know where that is!" And Miss Tidgett, scarlet in the face, would tremble more than ever.

On my way home after a particularly difficult button chase I would ponder about Miss Tidgett's destiny. Would an outdoor life, far away from Sharpnose, suit her better, I wondered—with a green jersey and a double handful of day-old chicks, like a Land Army poster? But no, I was afraid not; she'd be sure to put some of those chicks back in the wrong box. Still, I hoped that relief would come before something snapped.

Late one afternoon when I was reading the evening paper on top of a bus I gave a loud yelp of surprise.

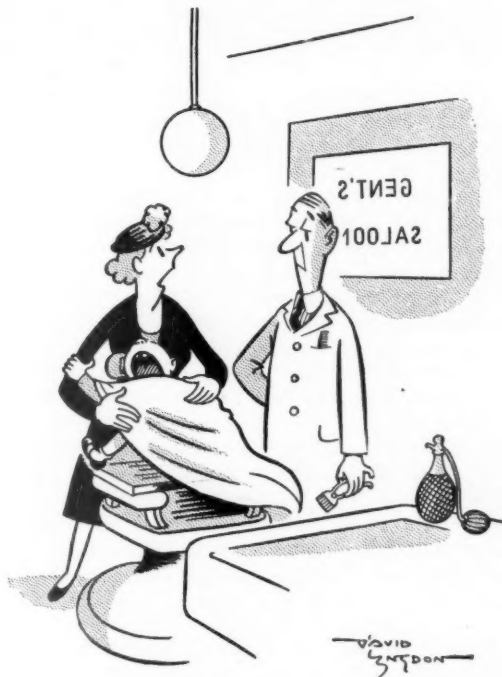
"Woman Foils Armed Bandit," said the headline—and there was a photograph of Miss Tidgett, black satin and all.

Apparently some rash youth had attempted to rob Todd and Matchworthy that very morning; unaware of their overhead monetary system he had ignorantly demanded cash at the button counter. Miss Tidgett had hit him smartly with a large tin button box, and a policeman had caught him at the front door.

When I next saw Miss Tidgett I marvelled. Her little bit of fame had made her sensible and calm; she got the right buttons for me in half a minute, while a subdued Miss Malt kept out of the way.

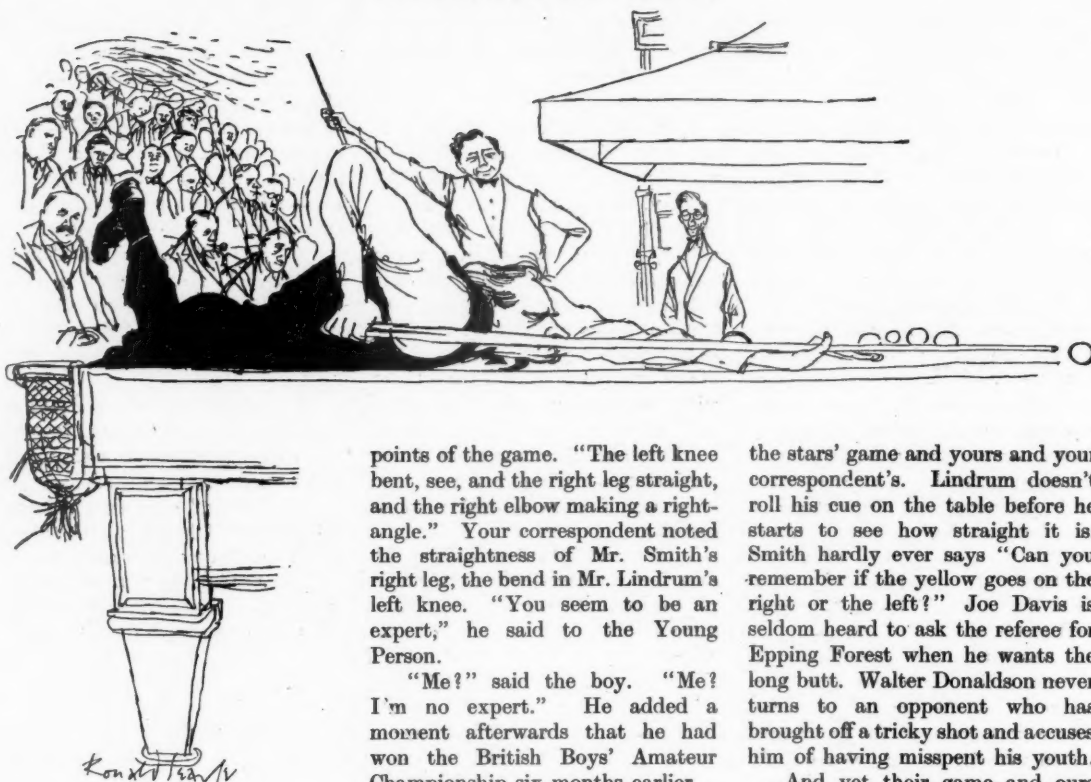
I congratulated Miss Tidgett on her brave blow. She leaned towards me, glancing across the aisle warily but no longer apprehensively.

"Actually," she remarked confidentially, "I had my back turned when the young chap came in and said something about reaching over my head. I thought it was that Miss Malt going on at me again."



"You'll have to make up some sort of game. Pretend you're a Sioux Indian and you're going to scalp him."

WELL-MISSPENT YOUTH



THE swing-music from the concealed speakers was hushed; the manager spoke a few words of introduction into a microphone; and from either end of the screen that stands before the door of the Leicester Square Hall there emerged, simultaneously, Mr. Sydney Smith and Mr. Horace Lindrum. They bowed courteously to the audience, a refinement lacking in rougher sports like Association Football, and as Mr. Beard, the white-gloved referee, flicked off all the lights but those over the table, went noiselessly into their routine. This was the sixth week of the *News of the World* professional snooker championship; by mid-January one or the other might be the richer by £500.

Mr. Punch's Artist moved to a seat where the darkness was a little less complete, and his place was taken by what the law calls a Young Person, who began without much encouragement to expound the finer

points of the game. "The left knee bent, see, and the right leg straight, and the right elbow making a right-angle." Your correspondent noted the straightness of Mr. Smith's right leg, the bend in Mr. Lindrum's left knee. "You seem to be an expert," he said to the Young Person.

"Me?" said the boy. "Me? I'm no expert." He added a moment afterwards that he had won the British Boys' Amateur Championship six months earlier.

Billiards, it seems, has lost its grip on the public. Its fate was perhaps sealed on that occasion when Tom Reece, in a game of half a million up, made a break of 499,135 not out, including a run of 249,552 cannons. *Time for half a million up, old boy? All right—you crack off, I'm just going to South America, but I'll be back before you're ready . . .* After that, arbitrary rules were introduced to clip the players' wings; but the players were always too good.

Snooker is different. Snooker is a mugs' game; that is, the mug can always imagine himself within measurable distance of the tiger. No break higher than 141 has been scored at snooker (unless it was scored within the past week), although it is theoretically possible to score 147; and lots of quite ordinary players can knock up a fifty, which would earn them a round of clapping at Leicester Square.

Let it not be thought of course that there are no differences between

the stars' game and yours and your correspondent's. Lindrum doesn't roll his cue on the table before he starts to see how straight it is. Smith hardly ever says "Can you remember if the yellow goes on the right or the left?" Joe Davis is seldom heard to ask the referee for Epping Forest when he wants the long butt. Walter Donaldson never turns to an opponent who has brought off a tricky shot and accuses him of having misspent his youth.

And yet their game and ours have much in common. Consider, for example, that tiresome moment when, at the start of a game (or "frame"), all the balls are spotted and have to be disturbed without handing an undue advantage to one's opponent. Well, you know how it goes: there is the straightforward way, in which the white hits the pyramid of reds about halfway up and rebounds into the top



right-hand pocket; or there is the cunning way, when it misses the pyramid altogether and then, cleverly screwed, bounces off the top cushion to deal the black a glancing blow and lose seven. It is true that neither of these things actually happens to either of the evening's stars; but they produce no magic formula that enables them to pot a red out of the multitude and get left in position to take the black before laying an impenetrable snooker. In fact Lindrum and Smith take nearly as long to break up that contrary bunch of balls as anyone else; what is more, in the first frame Lindrum goes in-off a couple of times before he has even scored, just as your correspondent always does.

Where they and we differ fundamentally is in the probability that what they attempt will, in the event, actually happen. They do not unleash some flamboyant *massé* shot at every turn; but when they aim to bring the white ball back behind a polychromatic zarefa from which all the reds are equally inaccessible, that is where the white usually goes. Once Lindrum potted a yellow in the right-hand middle pocket by the unorthodox process of bouncing it off both corners of the left-hand middle pocket; but no one was more surprised than Lindrum; unless it was Smith.

The lights go up after three frames, and the boy wonder hands over a photograph of himself standing beside a cup as high as he is. "And there," he adds, producing another photograph, "is the boy I beat."

"Will you play him again next year?"

"Ah, I can't, man, I'm not an amateur now."

As the next frame begins, your correspondent reflects on the attitude that makes a champion, at any level, carry a picture of the runner-up in his pocket; and, transferring his attention again to the game of the evening, he comes to the conclusion that professional snooker is played in a very pleasant spirit. Both the tall, urbane Smith and the short, mercurial Lindrum play

quietly, undemonstratively and good-temperedly, addressing to each other an occasional remark of (one feels) the calibre of the remarks that pass between batsmen and wicket-keepers. The audience sits still and appreciative, distributing its applause for clever shots and high breaks quite indifferently between the two players. (There appears to be no partisan feeling at all.) Once, when "four away" that should have been credited to Smith was put up to Lindrum, a few observant characters drew the referee's attention to it; otherwise they were as quiet as the patrons of a public library.

At the end of the evening Lindrum had won seven frames and Smith five. During the next two days they would have to decide the best of thirty-seven frames; before the tournament is over, each will meet another half-dozen opponents. The tournament is like a caucus-race; everyone gets a prize—and there is over £1,500 to distribute.



An interesting by-product of this Marathon game is that a player hopelessly behind when all the reds are down does not "play for snookers" as he might if the drinks depended solely on the result of that game. Your correspondent found himself fighting an urge to shout a warning when Lindrum, fifty points in arrears, began to pot the yellow, the green, the brown... Don't *do* it, he wanted to say; you've got to make him lose at least twenty-five before you can think of potting one.

But, with a score of frames to come, your competition player sinks his colours and cuts his losses. Perhaps he knows that however many snookers he lays, his opponent will have the skill to avoid them, and the whole business will have been a waste of time.

"So this is what you're after now," your correspondent said to the boy wonder as the hall emptied.

"Well, this and the rest of it," said that ambitious young man. "There's lots of opportunities; look at So-and-So." He named a well-known player. "He's away giving exhibitions now," and he mentioned the sponsor. "He gets seventy pounds a week for that."

Your correspondent gazed speculatively at the retreating back of the Young Champion. Taking one thing with another, he decided that the lad's youth was being anything but misspent.

B. A. YOUNG



AT THE PICTURES

Give Us This Day—The Crooked Way

THE reasons why the essentially American story *Give Us This Day* (Director: EDWARD DMYTRYK) should have been filmed in this country are not hard to understand, but they take some explaining, and as they are after all irrelevant to the question of the film's merit there is no need to dwell on them here. The film's merit is considerable, though by no means everybody will like it, and there are certain points that nearly everybody will dislike. For one thing the dreadful climax of a man's burial alive in wet concrete seems pointless, because it is accidental; to be sure the original story, "Christ in Concrete," was an allegory, but in the film at any rate there seems no reason whatever why the bricklayer who is the principal character, though doubtless destined to lose his life, should not have lost it in some less horrible way. If he had fallen a yard to the left or to the right of where he did fall, in fact, he might merely have broken a few ribs; and the effect of a tragedy ought not to be capable of radical alteration as the result of a difference literally measurable in inches. The story's period is in the nineteen-twenties and it deals with poor building-workers in New York's Italian colony; the dialogue is an odd mixture of naturalism and high-flown rhetoric. I had at first thought that the latter was being used as a device to indicate when the characters were talking Italian among themselves, but when one poor out-of-work bricklayer angrily declaims "Have we no bricks? Do we no longer have hands? Why do we not build?" it becomes evident that the author's only motive was to make his words impressive in a literary way. This dulls and stifles the sense of actuality without adding to the film's dramatic impact. It is effective dramatically, because of good direction and good acting by SAM WANAMAKER as the principal sufferer, by the lovely LEA PADOVANI as his

*(Give Us This Day)*

Going Down?

Geremio—SAM WANAMAKER
Luigi—CHARLES GOLDNER

wife, by CHARLES GOLDNER as an old philosophizing workman, and others; but although it is interesting, although it is worth making and is worth seeing, it is cramped by its symbolism and its language.

*(The Crooked Way)*

Coming Up?

Vince Alexander (SONNY TUFTS) and two henchmen

The Crooked Way (Director: ROBERT FLOREY), a gangster picture built up of familiar incidents and situations, succeeds nevertheless in holding the attention, partly because there are certain devices of suspense that never seem to fail no matter how familiar, and partly through interesting photography and visual arrangement. Here we have an ex-soldier who has lost his memory as the result of a head wound; returning from hospital to Los Angeles, where he enlisted, he finds that he used to be a gangster bitterly unpopular with absolutely everybody, including a forgotten wife. His worst enemy is a colleague he once double-crossed, now a master-mind (SONNY TUFTS, in an unexpected part) so busy with the administrative problems of his infernal empire that nearly every time we see him he is behind a desk. The story consists of little more than a series of vicious encounters between the two sides, with no clear point or developing emphasis; but this won't worry the ordinary seeker of entertainment. The incidents are exciting, the scenes hold much visual interest, and there are several amusing, excellently-played "bit" parts.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Among the London shows, don't miss *The Search*, a very moving and well-acted piece about the lost and homeless children in the ruins of Europe. Another new one, *Everybody Does It*, is extremely funny and highly enjoyable.

Releases include *The New Adventures of Don Juan* (10/8/49), which is entertaining nonsense in Technicolor, and *Mother Knows Best*, also in Technicolor, a story about mother and daughter at the same college—slick stuff, with much good fun. Remember *The Set-Up* (13/7/49): it has brutal moments, but the general tone is humane and it's splendidly done. Remember too *The Last Days of Dolwyn* (4/5/49), which is marred only by its contrived ending.

RICHARD MALLETT

FOCUS-POCUS

EVEN in its early or photographic meaning, Focus was never an easy word to understand. My own first attempts at family portraiture were often described by my sitters as being "out of focus," but I never connected this criticism with the fact that Angela's face and about half the summer-house were totally obscured by one of Uncle Willie's well-shod feet. Focus, I realized, was something that every photographer needed and that I apparently was "out of." Let them give me a more expensive camera, an aluminium tripod and a developing tank, and focus would almost certainly be thrown in as well.

Later on the B.B.C. and the pamphleteers discovered this word, and one was invited to hear or to read something called Focus on Sport, or on Bee-keeping, or Boy Scouts. By this time I could use a dictionary, and it was child's-play (at least for an adult) to find out that a focus was "the point at which rays meet after being reflected or refracted," or else "a centre or hot-bed (of intrigue, sedition, etc.)." To describe any B.B.C. activity as a hot-bed of sedition was, I felt, going much too far. I could indeed

visualize a lot of rays (Ray Noble, Ray Jenkins, etc.) being reflected and refracted and then meeting in a kind of formal dance, but that did not make quite clear the meaning of focus. Somewhere I must have missed the point.

This summer someone wrote to *The Times* suggesting that the Crystal Palace should be used as a Focus for Youth Activities. In the old days, when the sun shone through a thousand panes of glass, and the great halls were hung with mirrors, there must have been grand opportunities for reflection and refraction. But with so many rays meeting all over the place (to say nothing of Brass Bands and Philatelic Conferences) there might not have been much room left for Youth Activity.

The ruins of to-day are of course more spacious, and there is nothing boys like better than a ready-made battlefield. The difficulty now would be to get them all together and keep them quiet while the focusing took place. In point of fact, not only the boys but the whole subject seems rather refractory, and on reflection I doubt whether all this use of Focus has any *locus standi* whatever.



LAMENT

WHEN I was three months old they plaited what
little hair I had with pussy willows.
And now the barbarian prince has come to claim me
for his bride.

He is extremely old, as readers of James Branch Cabell
have already guessed.

Oh! Why doesn't the boy from next door save me?

They have put my little red shoes at the foot of my bed.
But I would far rather run barefoot in the grass.
The smell of the sukebind hangs heavy in the air.
Oh! Why doesn't the boy from next door save me?

The thirty horses of the great Khan's chariot champ
at the door.

The last sack of black-market rice has been put on the
wagons.

The little boy from next door peeps out from behind
the tinkling glass curtains, damn him!

Well, after all, it will be an experience.

ADVENTURES AND PERILS

To the Editor of Punch

DEAR SIR,—I was sorry to learn from an article in a recent issue of *Punch* that one of your contributors had suffered a burglary—not, by his account of it, a very expensive one, and indeed I have some hopes (since it would appear from the internal evidence that the premises broken into were either the office or the residence of one of your staff) that the miscreant responsible for the outrage may have discovered when they got home that what they had taken for a parcel of negotiable Government stock was actually a year's supply of rejection slips. But I write to you now not merely to express my sympathy with your contributor but to correct the misapprehension, implicit in his article, that he is covered by a policy of insurance.

Loosely speaking, no doubt, he is. I do not question that the insurance company concerned will reimburse him for his loss. But to refer to the document entitling him to this recovery as "a Policy" is misleading. "Policy" is doubtless a handy name for it, and indeed I cannot off-hand suggest how else it might be referred to; but I could show you policies (as the Duchess in *Alice in Wonderland* might say) compared with which the one described by your contributor would look like a street bookmaker's betting-slip. Such a policy, bearing the seal of Lloyd's, lies before me as I write.



"Darling—promise you'll never change."

It is comforting, as he says, for him to know that he is indemnified against damage to furniture caused by the impact with his premises of any horses or cattle not at that moment under the control of a member of his family. Such knowledge may give him a feeling of security. It may even encourage you to take out a similar policy yourself; indeed, it seems probable that you have one already, and that you believe yourself to be insured against all reasonable contingencies. But what protection have you, under such a policy, against Surprisals? None? There you are, you see. Who can aver in these distracted times that Surprisal is a thing that cannot happen to him? If you held a Lloyd's Marine Policy you would be insured against Surprisals. As it is you are hopelessly exposed.

Similarly with Rovers. I dare say your contributor, when taking out his insurance, never gave a thought to the possibility of Rovers. Certainly his present policy will give him no protection against them. The same may be said of Letters of Mart and Countermart, and (with even more confidence) of Arrests, Restraints and Detainments of all Kings, Princes and People, of what Nation, Condition and Quality soever. In a Lloyd's Policy all these annoyances are included in "the Adventures and Perils which we the Assurers are contented to bear and do take upon us." There is no question of the Assurers having been coerced into assuming their onerous burden by threats, drugs or physical ill-treatment. They go out of their way, in fact, to say how contented they are; "And so," they say, "we, the Assurers, are contented, and do hereby promise and bind ourselves, each one for his own Part, our Heirs, Executors and Goods, to the Assured, their Executors, Administrators and Assigns, for the true Performance of the Premises, confessing ourselves paid the Consideration due unto us for this Assurance."

Nothing, I think, could be fairer than that.

Sir, the more I think about it the clearer it seems that not only your contributor but you yourself need the protection of a Lloyd's Marine Policy. You may perhaps object that, under such a policy, Corn, Fish, Salt, Fruit, Flour and Seed are warranted free from Average, unless general, or the Ship be stranded. I would not attempt to minimize this difficulty; I can quite imagine that some heart-searching might be necessary before you felt able to give that warranty with no mental reservations, no lurking suspicion that somewhere about the building there might be lying (a heritage, perhaps, from some long-dead predecessor) a small quantity of Fish not absolutely free from Average. But once you have satisfied yourself on this point you can go ahead and take out your policy with a light heart.

I hope you will not be deterred by the fear that to take out such a policy involves any unusual feat of legerdemain. Admittedly it sounds a little complicated if we go by the wording of the Policy itself, according to which you, as well in your own name, as for and in the Name and Names of all and every other Person or Persons to whom the same doth, may or shall appertain, in part or in all, do make Assurance, and cause yourself and you and every of you to be insured, lost or not lost, at and from say for and during the space of Twelve Calendar Months as employment may offer. But do not be put off. In practice you will find that what the foregoing boils down to is signing your name and handing over a sum of money. You will then receive in return a Policy which, besides doing all the things already referred to, is expressly declared to be "of as much Force and Effect as the surest Writing or Policy of Assurance heretofore made in Lombard Street, or in the Royal Exchange, or Elsewhere in London." What more could any reasonable man require?

I beg to subscribe myself, Sir,
Your obedient servant

(lost or not lost),

G. D. R. DAVIES



"Some of the houses are so close together that neighbours can shake hands."



"I'll just repeat that for the benefit of those who weren't listening."

THE REALISTS

WHEN Miss Rena Moisenko writes of "realist music" in her book of that title, she is committing the same solecism as the newspaper reporter who writes "navy officer," for according to the dictionary "realist" is a noun. The adjective formed from it is "realistic"; and this is unfortunate, because whereas a realist can only be one who believes in the existence of the external world, "realistic" can also mean "life-like." This distinction is more than just semantic hay, for in the Soviet your music has got to be realistic in the first sense, while if it is realistic in the second sense you will be accused of "vulgar naturalism" and pilloried in *Pravda*.

Anyone who thinks that Miss Moisenko's book is going to show him realism without tears, however, is in for a bad time. Take, for instance, this simple contribution to our understanding of the music of the Kirghiz:

it follows therefore that every improvisation made upon the komooz or the khy-yak without a vocal line will be a koo-oo.

Koo-oo, indeed! Now Kirghiz music is realist. Almost all primitive music inside the political borders of the Soviet is, apparently. To study the songs of the Tatars and the Turkomans and the Uzbeks and the rest is an almost certain passport to a Stalin Premium. But, as you see, there is more to it than transcribing "The Foggy, Foggy Dew" as you hear it sung in a

pub. At an age when the British student is dallying with fugue, the young Russian is trying to remember that the fundamental mugamat are *Rast, Seiga, Shoor, Tchargya, Bayat-Isphagm, Shooshtar, Hadmayun* and *Za'abil*; and little help he gets from the conservatoire, either. Why, at the Baku Music School it is reported that there are no classes for *sa'az, tara* or *kemancha*. The best the young student can hope for is to fall in with some wandering minstrel like the great Djambul, who at an age close on a hundred used to ride about the country on a horse, carrying a *dombra*, and who, when interrogated by the composer Brussilovsky, replied to every question in a "beautiful four-lined stanza."

Young musicians keen on equitation and adept at quick rhyming may feel that this is the life for them, and they will no doubt be encouraged by an officially-approved dictum that "the closer music follows the printed text, the more realistic it becomes," which does not seem to call for a very high standard in sight-reading. Before finally deciding to devote themselves to the primitives, however, they should note well the picture published in Miss Moisenko's book of a guitar constructed by the collectivized peasants of Shtryanin, a Komsomol of Kuibyshev, which has twenty-three strings and three finger-boards; and then ask themselves whether they really want to give up the pianoforte.

It would be wrong to suggest that peasant music is the only realist music. Opera, in particular, is often realist if its theme is ideologically acceptable, that is to say if it is "national in form and socialist in spirit." To illustrate what this means, here is Miss Moisenko's description of the end of Khrennikov's realist opera *In the Tempest*, which deals with counter-revolution in central Russia. "Lyonka (the hero) is gravely wounded, Natasha grabs Lyonka's rifle and kills the enemy outright. Antonov's fighting bands are conquered and the peasants start the collectivization of farmland." It is sad to relate that in spite of such a politically acceptable curtain this opera was not a success. It "aroused controversy in the Soviet musical press ranging from violent condemnation to feeble apologies," the critics (to adapt a well-known phrase) running the whole gamut of praise from Y to Z.

Popular songs are also extremely realist. They do not import swing into Russia from the Western Hemisphere, and the home-produced article enjoys a higher prestige than it does here. For instance, Alexei Alexandrov, the great pundit of Red Army art, took down his songs about Marshal Budyenny from the singing of commanding officers in the First Cavalry Army Corps—some of them, indeed, from that well-moustached Marshal himself. This little glimpse into the ways of Red Army officers' messes is peculiarly fascinating; as the socialization of our own nation proceeds, dare we hope that we may one day see the C.I.G.S. sitting down with the Commanding Officers of the Greys and the Blues and the Bays and the Royals and the Eleventh Hussars (a very musical regiment) to sing a "Song About Slim"?

The really dangerous ground is the symphony *et hoc genus omne*. Only a musical hurdler of the



"Avoid loose stones and watch out for that brontosaurus round the corner."

greatest agility can avoid all the obstacles. Prokofiev, for instance, has been found guilty by the Russian critics of passive contemplation, abstract rationalism and formalism. Miaskowsky, composer (at the time of going to press) of twenty-six symphonies, sometimes exhibits subjective objectivism. Shostakovich's recovery from one of his periodic deviations from the party line was attributed to articles in *Pravda* condemning disorder, insincerity, trickiness of technique and vulgar naturalism.

All things considered, the seeker after Stalin Premiums is advised to let the symphony alone. There are other, more acceptable ways of wooing the Soviet musical public. Dzerzhinsky, for instance, improvised illustrations to Bezymensky's beautiful lines, "Lovely is the Dnieper in any weather when, free and sedate, the barges float down with cement." Khachaturian has composed a "story of Armenia's metallurgical centre." If the young musician feels that such themes offer too many pitfalls for "vulgar naturalism"—how, for example, may he with true poetry illustrate the cement in Bezymensky's verse?—he may prefer to follow another lead of Khachaturian's and compose a "Poem about Stalin." Stalin and Molotov are, by definition, "the supreme leaders of Soviet culture," and it is perhaps not surprising that Khachaturian's poem was hailed as "the best composition of its kind in the U.S.S.R." and awarded a Stalin Premium of a hundred thousand roubles.

And that, in a country where belief in the existence of the external world is never very hard, is realistic indeed.

B. A. YOUNG

"THREE DENTAL BODIES TO SPEAK WITH ONE VOICE"
"South Wales Evening Post"

Thus saving two sets of dentures.

SISTER, COME SOON

SISTER, come soon, come soon, this is the house you seek,
Come to-day or come to-morrow or come next week,
The garden gate is unbolted and the door ajar,
Come early, come early, my star.

Do not delay, sister, time is not standing still,
The leaves turn brown on the trees and the moorbirds
honk on the hill,
Jupiter peers at me boldly with beady eye,
Sister, draw nigh.

Sister, the bridal gown lies fading in Father's trunk,
The little boys are away and the wine is drunk,
The Post Office man has taken away the telephone,
Come early, come early, my own.

Come as I lie in bed and lay your hand on my brow,
Once it was petal-smooth, rhinoceros-wrinkled now,
We shall sit at evening watching dim embers burn,
O sister, return.

Lank grows the grass in the yard that the goats of
childhood cropped,
The roof has fallen in and the clocks have stopped,
Time has destroyed it all, all that Time can destroy,
Come early, come early, my joy. R. P. LISTER



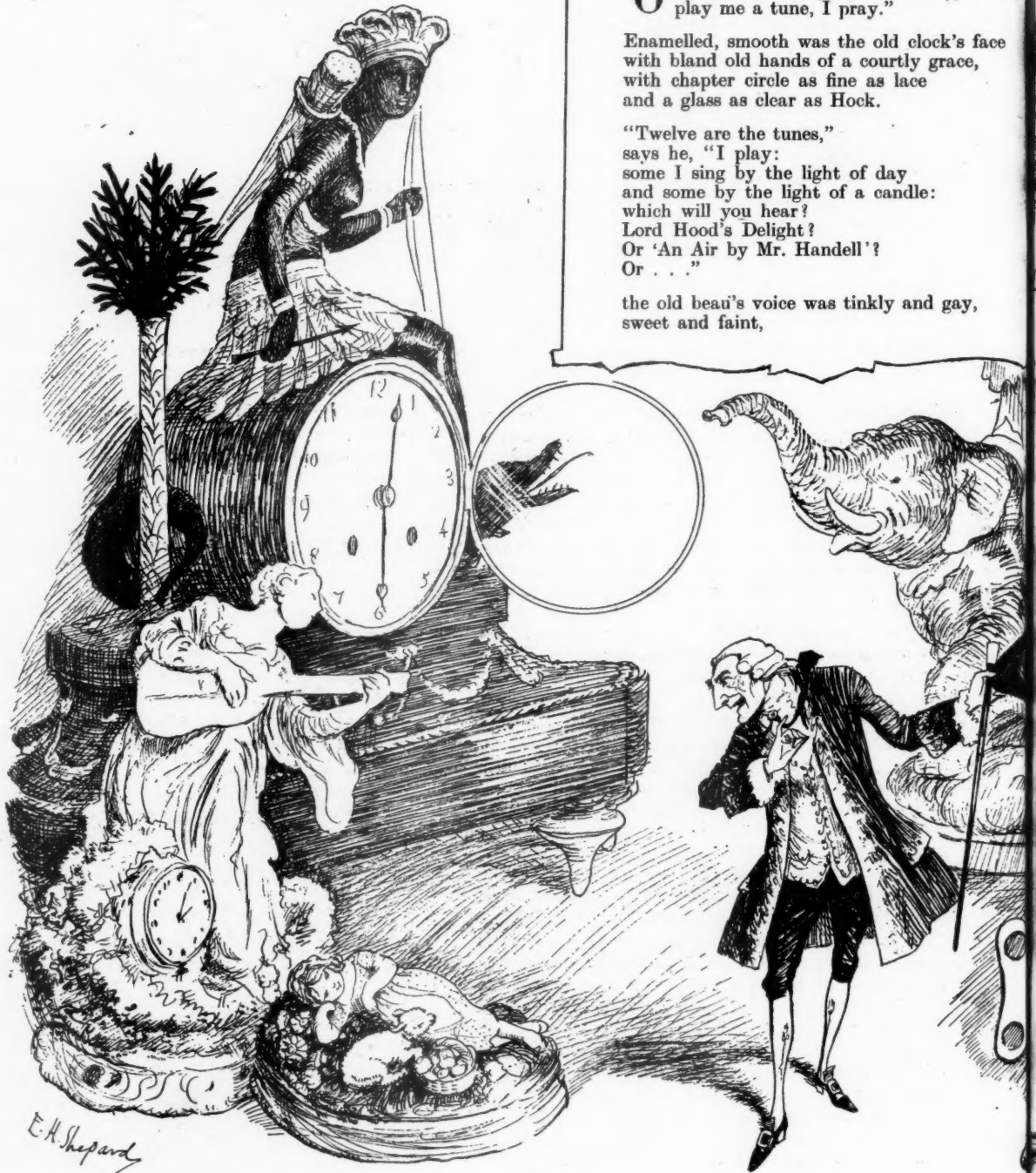
WILLIAM FAR AWAY

"OLD beau of an eighteenth-century clock,
play me a tune, I pray."

Enamelled, smooth was the old clock's face
with bland old hands of a courtly grace,
with chapter circle as fine as lace
and a glass as clear as Hock.

"Twelve are the tunes,"
says he, "I play:
some I sing by the light of day
and some by the light of a candle:
which will you hear?
Lord Hood's Delight?
Or 'An Air by Mr. Handell'?
Or . . ."

the old beau's voice was tinkly and gay,
sweet and faint,





and spiced with a quaint
souçon of withdrawing-room scandal . . .

"The Richmond Minuet?
Malbrouc?
Or William Far Away?"

"I can sing," he sang,
"The Forest Hunt,
Astley's Hornpipe, and Mirth and Glee,
The Maid of the Mill
(a sweet song still),
Should y^e Rude Hand of Care."

He paused while a second ticked away
for his poor old voice cracked there.

"No matter, no matter," the old beau sighed,
"my memory's not what it used to be:
so many, so many decades divide
my worn old works from the days of my pride
for the eighteenth century fathered me:
I was made by George Grahame, of London, sir . . .
(long have rested his bones in Westminster)
five years after the '45.

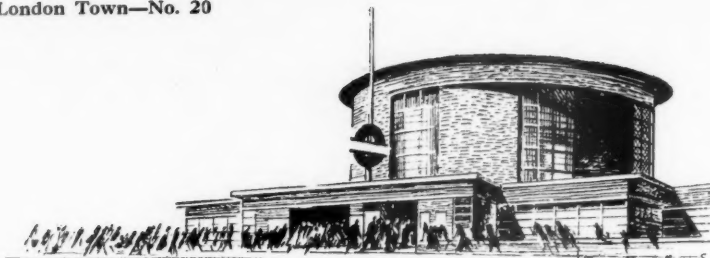
"Tompion's nephew. Alackaday,
who remembers him?"

Sad and gay
he sang in his old beau's tinkly voice
William Far Away.

"Many's the child whose hours I made
Ariel-sweet with my fine brave choice
of beautiful tunes to play:
Lord Hood's Delight
I would sing by night,
and Malbrouc sing by day,
but the favourite tune of the child I loved best
was William Far Away."

R. C. SCRIVEN





THE WONDERFUL WARREN

AS we roar steeply into the tunnel beyond Leytonstone the small man with the sharp wooden attaché-case lets go of his strap and rests his arm; he knows that he cannot fall down: I am wedging him up on one side, a bowler-hatted man with a garden hose looped round his shoulder props him up on the other, and all three of us are firmly shored up from behind. "Do you observe," I say to the small man, "how beautifully this railway coach is designed, noting the dominant horizontal emphasis provided by the continuous line of the windows, enjoying the visual interest afforded by the interplay of lateral and transverse seating?"

Well, no . . . I do not actually say it; I am thinking of something I have been reading.* The small man is in no position to observe anything but the portrait of a lady suffering from distressing, but not incurable, facial blemishes—and

* *Living Design—London Transport*, by Norbert Dutton, M.S.I.A.

that is a pity: for when the London Transport Executive took over the Underground Railways it inherited not only such material things as two hundred and eighty stations, four thousand coaches, ten thousand miles of telephone-wire and the longest tunnel in the world (from near East Finchley to Morden, via the Bank: seventeen and a quarter miles), but a rich legacy of good design unequalled in any other organization of its kind—from the graceful and legible standard alphabet designed by Edward Johnston in 1916 to the clean simplicity of a Piccadilly-line coach or the tall curving windows of the ticket-hall at Chiswick Park; even the familiar Underground map, with its telescoped distances and its justifiable liberties with the points of the compass, has its own characteristic functional beauty. The trouble is that the rushing millions must often perceive these things only dimly, through a haze of weariness and

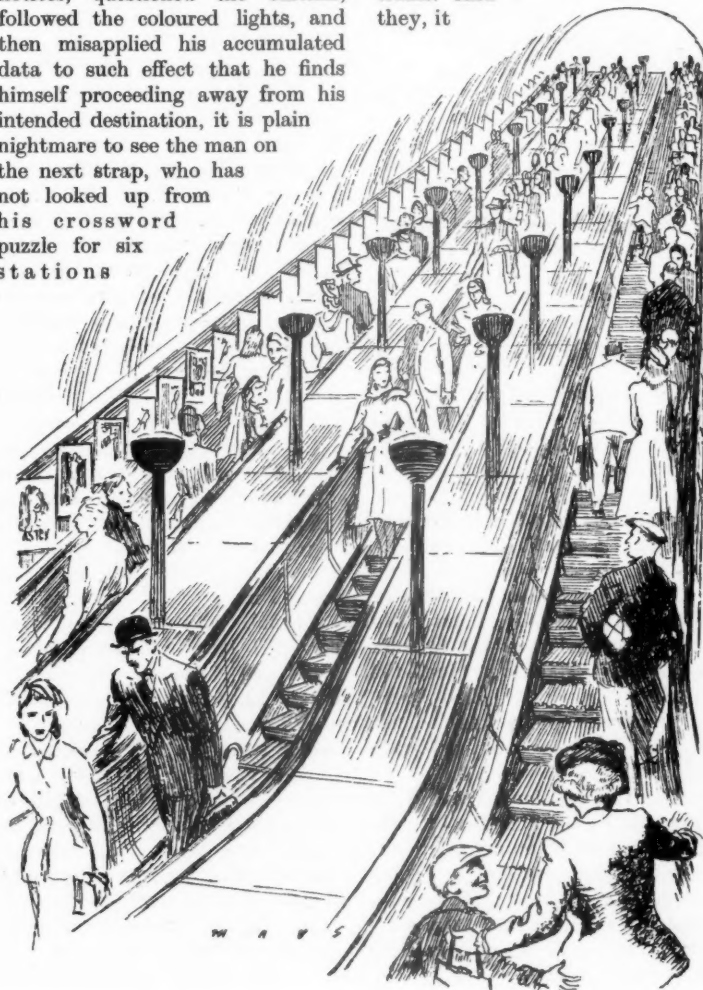
discomfort; at the rush hour all cannot be seated, a fact that even to-day's coach-designers have to take into consideration, and however great pains are taken with, say, the patterns on the upholstery the traveller's chief interest is in the chances of obscuring it with the seat of his trousers.

It was as long ago as 1863 that the congestion of surface traffic first drove Londoners to burrow for their daily bread. "Numberless plans," we read in *Old and New London*, "were propounded for the relief of the over-gorged ways, but the crowd of omnibuses, cabs and vehicles of all descriptions remained as dense and impassable as ever." The proposal to send trains under the earth provoked fierce opposition, the general apprehension being that the tunnels would collapse, and that the buildings which did not fall into the hole at once would soon be shaken into it by the vibration; but when, on the opening day of the four-mile line from near Paddington to Farringdon Street, thirty thousand fearless adventurers took the plunge and came up smiling, it was clear that the Metropolitan Railway was here to stay; the shares of the company climbed steeply, and bills proposing further subterranean experiments swirled upon the next session of Parliament in such a flood that "nearly one half of the City itself would have to be demolished if the plans were carried out."

To-day, when we hear of the millions moved by the Underground every day, we must feel a little sad



to think that they are always the same millions, and that each of them covers thousands of miles a year without, so to speak, getting anywhere. The Londoner's average length of journey is just under six miles; it is merely a necessary habit, part of a daily routine so delicately balanced that even with rush-hour trains running at intervals of only ninety seconds he probably travels on the same one every morning, and even in the same coach—the one that pulls up with gratifying inevitability opposite the "Way Out" sign on his arrival station. To the provincial visitor the Londoner's matter-of-factness on the Underground is even more startling than the Underground itself, and when a cautious Midlander has studied the notices, questioned the officials, followed the coloured lights, and then misapplied his accumulated data to such effect that he finds himself proceeding away from his intended destination, it is plain nightmare to see the man on the next strap, who has not looked up from his crossword puzzle for six stations



and cannot possibly know whether he's at Covent Garden or Turnpike Lane, abruptly leave the train and disappear with every confidence through an opening labelled "No Exit."

The "Twopenny Tube," with electric trains, was opened in 1900—the Central Line, running from Shepherd's Bush to the Bank. In the last few years this line has been the subject of rapid and ambitious extensions, especially to the east and north, and has produced some fine new stations, notably that at Gants Hill, where an arched cream-tiled hallway fifty yards long (and forty feet under the ground), still smelling faintly of damp plaster, accepts the teeming home-coming thousands as they pour off the trains. And they, it



may be remarked, accept it. Here, I see, is my friend with the wooden attaché-case, a forefinger nervously extended to counter a possible clasp-failure as he scuttles for the escalator. Does he spare a thought for the glories around him? No. He has caught his train as usual; it has brought him home as usual; the next thing is supper.

The tube-goer, too tired to notice the wonders that he can see, can hardly be expected to consider those hidden from him; the multifarious safety devices on both trains and lifts (it is impossible for your lift to drop you to the bottom of the shaft); the conquest of seemingly unconquerable engineering difficulties—dodging the network of buried pipes and cable, boring in porous sub-strata which must first be artificially solidified, repairing and reconstructing in the four short hours between the last and first trains, digging a new tunnel at as many as forty separate and simultaneous points, all ultimately to match to the inch; the ventilating system pumping three million cubic feet of air a minute, escalators carrying ten thousand people in half an hour (the average at Oxford Circus between five-thirty and six P.M.), rolling stock so skilfully built that it only needs an overhaul after every two hundred thousand miles of work . . .

It is all very wonderful. The sad thing is that before very long someone may have to devise still another way of moving the Londoner, for they cannot accommodate many more down below, and up above we are back with the over-gorged ways of 1863. The crowd of omnibuses, cabs and vehicles of all descriptions remains as dense and impassable as ever.

J. B. BOOTHROYD



"How soon do I need to post a Christmas present to a friend in South America to enable her to send me one in return by Christmas morning?"

ROUGETAPE MALTRAVERS

SILENTLY, without pause or surcease, the ragged snowflakes followed each other down the leaden sky. Awesome in its moonlit immensity, the great house seemed to crouch like some monster from another world, alive and stirring watchfully beneath the blanket of night. I crammed my good black Homburg more firmly on my head and gripped my stout brief-case tighter as, long after office hours, I came for the first time to Rougetape Maltravers, seat of the East Anglian Division of the British Hearths and Homes Authority.

I am not, I hope, an imaginative man. Born in the purple of the Civil Service, of fully-pensioned parents on both sides, I have never of course been a member of the public, and have therefore no history of infection by superstition at my mother's knee. On the dreadful night of which

I write there had been some incompletely resolved departmental difficulty in British Railways, and I had arrived from the Ministry at Has-been Junction 7.5 hours late. No room, I knew, was to be expected at the inn. National Hotels Catering and Tourism have not for many years permitted casual arrivals or departures after office hours. No course remained open but to walk to Rougetape Maltravers, fulfil the functions for which I had come, and prepare an appropriate claim for overtime and refund of sustenance deduction.

Yet, this decision arrived at, as I approached the mansion between 1259 and 0001 hours my mind was oppressed with a strange foreboding and disquiet. I kept thinking of a circular which Repairs and Dilapidations Section had put out last year after the tragic affair at Monkswalk

Abbey, when a Temporary Experimental Officer whom I knew slightly had been found in the refectory, by the morning cleaners, with his head a yard from his twisted trunk and an expression of ineffable horror in his extruded eyes, as if he had—as if he had gazed upon the Formless and Void. The incident proved, of course, susceptible of explanation, but, unaccountably, I seemed unable to recall the details of the explanation in correct and convincing sequence, and it was by a distinct act of will that I brought myself to the great portal of the Staff Entrance and applied my pass-key to the locks.

The great rooms were silent but not asleep, like the crypt of some mighty cathedral consecrated to a strange religion. I passed beneath the wonderful hammer-beams and Gobelins of the Typing Pool, and through Vanbrugh's splendid Canteen. I had reached the door of the Clerical Staff Female Lower Grades Retiring Room (once quaintly called Queen Elizabeth's Powder Room) when—the terror comes upon me again as I write, and I can scarce scrawl the halting words upon the page—when, in the shadows beyond the hot-air machine for hand-drying, I saw through horn-rims glazed with horror that Something Else was putting in overtime that night. The darkness swirled and clotted, and began to gather itself into a Shape. My feet seemed rooted to the floor, and from my dry throat no sound came. The ink in my fountain pen curdled, and began to drop in great goutts like heart's blood to the floor. I knew It wanted me.

Dumb and fascinated with horror, I gazed at the unearthly apparition looming through the dark. Enormous, shaggy-bearded, swag-bellied, dressed in high leather boots, Its huge belt bursting, It swung in one gorilla's paw a great hunk of beef—sixty rations at least—while the other gripped a mighty pot whose capacity I calculated at not less than a gallon of excisable liquor. I knew with terrible certainty that It had neither identity card nor R.B.I. And I knew—Ah! crowning terror!—what It was. I

was face to face with that dread Elemental, the Spirit which we have known how to suppress but never completely to exorcise, the Spirit of Ancient England!

The horror fixed me with Its burning eyes, and I felt the virtue and the principles of a lifetime drain away down my quivering spine, while in their room rose a surging flood of primeval sin. In that ghastly moment I, who since my irresponsible childhood had not broken a regulation, could have killed a pig without a permit, earned and kept a golden dollar, or built a cottage with my own wicked hands and never a reference to the Planning Authority. There comes a moment when the mind can stand no more. The horror lurched towards me, and I sank to the ground insensible . . .

The charwomen found me next morning.

GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY

CHOPIN LECTURE
BREAKS RECORDS

"Gloucestershire Echo"

Was the lecturer's face red?

DOWN IN THE FOREST

IN the deeps of this wood, as in every wood I tread,
In the brambled pit at the end of the tangled path,
I find, as one always finds, a rusty bed
And/or an ancient bath.

As Dumpton Magna is over a mile away
And no other human habitation near,
In the hush of the wood, all woods, I always say
"How did these things get here?"

Who is it brings them, not those enamelled pots,
These bicycle frames, those willow-pattern scraps—
But black, brass-knobbed, cast-iron beds and cots,
Whole baths less only taps?

Why do they bring them? Are they stolen goods
Safe from the eyes of urbanized police?
Do sloppy owners bear them to these woods
To "end their days in peace"?

And transport? How do they tote this bulk and weight?
In pieces reassembled on the site?
Or are pack-horses not yet out of date—
With muffled hooves, at night?

These are the questions throbbing in my mind.
In the deeps of this wood, all woods, I always cry
"How did these things get here?" I do not find
The answer. Nor Who? Nor Why?

JUSTIN RICHARDSON





IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, October 31st

The poet Dryden might well have been referring to to-day's proceedings in the Commons when he wrote: "And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain."

For the business was the third Second Reading of the Parliament Bill, which proposes to cut from two years to one the power of the House of Lords to delay legislation. Members (if not visitors) have long grown accustomed to the somewhat complicated talk about "first (and second, and third) Second Reading" and even "third (and second and first) Third Reading," because, as all students of these Impressions know, it is necessary to pass a Bill three times in order to force its passage into law if the Lords do not assent. This is the procedure laid down in the *Parliament Act, 1911*, and the *Bill* plans to cut the number of times to two.

Twice already the Bill had been before the Commons—and twice their Lordships had "failed to pass it." So this was the final appearance in the Commons. Nobody would have thought it an historic occasion—as it certainly was, for a considerable Constitutional change was under debate. The moment questions were over, most Members trooped out to other engagements—until the time came, late at night, to take the vote.

True, one or two Members did their best to lend fresh interest to a thrice-told tale, but it was not a great success, for the piece is clearly not one that "revives" well. Mr. CHUTER EDE, the Home Secretary, moving the third Second Reading, was frank about it and just filled in half an hour or so with "old stuff."

Then Sir DAVID MAXWELL FYFE, using much the same brief as in the two previous hearings, commented that the Government was changing the rules of the game in the middle of the match—a move which

he, as a good sportsman, thought wrong. And, more sinister, the Bill was being forced through so that the Bill to nationalize the iron and steel industry could be made law before the General Election.

This charge Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, winding up for the Government, later denied, but it is fair to add that he did so with a smile which absolved from censure those (and they were many) who clearly regarded this denial as a terminological inexactitude. But before this stage was reached a variety of



and

Impressions of Parliamentarians

95. Mr. Alfred Barnes
Minister of Transport
(East Ham, South)

views had been expressed by back-benchers. Mr. LENNOX-BOYD, for instance, maintained that it was an entirely new principle to say that once a House of Commons majority had been elected it was undisputed master for five years, come—or go—what might. The people should be masters all the time—

When the ironical cheers had died down, he raised another cheer of a different tone by pointing out that the Labour Party showed "precious little desire to meet the people at a General Election." As to the Bill itself, most Members showed precious little desire to meet it.

Mr. MORRISON (having confessed that he could think of nothing that was new to say) made an attack on the Lords which had all the interest of a period piece (*circa* 1910), and then added an epilogue which appeared to be a pre-view of the

1950 election line. It was to the effect that the Opposition represented the selfish Party, trying to preserve the economic privileges of its class. It is an old tradition that a House of Commons peroration need not have much to do with the subject under discussion, and this one was taken with good-natured laughter—in which, to do him justice, the author joined.

Then the Whips got to work and the third Second Reading was passed by 333 votes to 196.

Tuesday, November 1st

MR. WILL GLENVIL HALL, for the Treasury, announced that about

House of Lords:	half a million
A Plea for the Disabled	Civil Servants—
House of Commons:	in what are
Mixed Grill	known pictur-

esquely as the "minor and manipulative grades" and others, except the executive class—are to have freedom to take part in local and national politics. This was received with general cheers, but there was some feeling that a decision on the remainder of the Civil Service should not be put off for twelve months, as was suggested.

There was no qualification at all in the cheers that greeted the statement by the Prime Minister that The KING had approved proposals to give the Naval General Service Medal to all who had taken part in the incident on the Yangtze which had reached its climax in the dramatic dash of H.M.S. *Amethyst* past hostile Communist guns to safety.

The House then moved into the New Forest—metaphorically—to discuss the future government of that seemingly near-autonomous area of England.

Their Lordships listened to a plea by Lord LLEWELIN for extension of the doctor's free prescription to disabled ex-Service men, when the new economy plan comes into force. At present, it is planned that only Old Age Pensioners shall have the fee remitted.

Back in the Commons, late at



"That's Helen. She only needs twenty-seven more launchings for an all-time record."

night, Members got hot and bothered about a proposal to set up a development council in the clothing industry. Chief objection was that this was being done by the Government without the agreement and assent of the employers. But the scheme was approved by the House by 196 votes to 77.

Wednesday, November 2nd

The House of Lords, when in the mood, can be as jocular as any assembly in the land—but it was not in that mood to-day, when it debated the economic situation. Even Lord ADDISON, the Lord Privy Seal, whose cherubic friendliness is almost always a feature of the debates, allowed himself to make some comments which many noble Lords regarded as the Lordly equivalent of Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN's noted reference to "vermin."

Lord A. said complaints against the Government's economy plans were "entirely callous and unpatriotic." His case appeared to be

that the nation's difficulties should be glossed over, and that any mention of them could be classed only as a "nauseating campaign of disparagement."

While all this was being said, Lord SWINTON, sitting opposite, showed clear signs of rage, and the moment he was able to address the House he retorted sharply to Lord ADDISON's remarks and to Mr. MORRISON's comment, in "Another Place," that any criticism of the Government's policy was "economic sabotage." Lord SWINTON has a good command of invective, and he released a deal of it in the discussion. He said, for instance, that the Government's attitude reminded him strongly of that taken by governments in certain other States when they sought to liquidate the Opposition. "Economic sabotage" was the favourite charge in these cases also.

Meanwhile, the Commons were busy liquidating (under Mr. BEVAN's guidance) the Local Government Boundary Commission, which has apparently had its day.

Thursday, November 3rd

The date may have accounted for a return to old times and an all-too-brief display of fireworks when the business for next week came to be discussed.

Mr. MORRISON, with his usual calm courtesy, read the list—which included no mention of foreign affairs or groundnuts. Mr. CHURCHILL promptly asked whether he was right in assuming that a debate on groundnuts would come before one on foreign affairs, adding that he would "require" a debate on both.

Mr. MORRISON then abandoned his calmness, but with carefully preserved courtesy reminded the Leader of the Opposition that he was in no position to "require" anything, but only to ask. Whereupon, Mr. C., bridling, mentioned the vote of censure procedure as a means of enforcing even a "request."

Then followed a slight tiff between Mr. STOKES and Mr. MORRISON (his own leader). All this formed a suitably pyrotechnic prelude to November 5th.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM A BUS

I WAS carrying a parcel, a brief-case and an umbrella and I was limping slightly from a touch of rheumatism. Through the thin italic rain I saw that the Request Stop was densely peopled and my spirits drooped to a new low. My limp suddenly grew more emphatic and I coughed like a man near the end of his tether. The journey from the flat to the St. John's Wood bus-stop cannot be more than eighty yards or so, and my brief-case does not exactly tax my strength, but I am easily cast down these days. I attribute it to poor feeding. (This, oddly enough, reminds me that I have so far seen very few articles attributing the startling success of the Sadler's Wells Ballet in America to the nutritional advantages enjoyed by British dancers.)

Anyway, there, thirty yards away, was the queue, and here, right beside me as I crossed Circus Road, were the traffic lights checking the progress of a grey, sleek and chromic single-decker bus. Without a moment's hesitation I drew back the sliding-door and climbed in. The bus moved off as my right foot left the ground.

Frankly, I have never seen a more comfortable bus. The seats were generous, magnanimous even, and the atmosphere was warm and cosy like that of an old library. I

threw myself into one of the three or four vacant seats and reached for my money. The conductress, in grey, got up from a seat near the front of the bus and came back down the gangway.

She seemed to bear me no ill-will. I smiled at her broadly. I was positively charming.

"Bond Street, please," I said.

"One-and-sixpence," she said.

"One-and-six?" I said.

"One-and-six," she said.

"To Bond Street?"

"We don't go to Bond Street."

"Then I must be on the wrong bus: aren't you a Relief for the 13 route?"

"This is a Rustline coach."

"Then why didn't you stop me getting on: you saw me, surely?"

"What happens at traffic lights is none of my business. I'm only concerned with what happens at recognized, authorized stops."

"Then would you mind stopping the bus to let me get down," I said.

"There are no more stops before the terminus," she said.

"And where's that?" I said. "The Russian Embassy?"

It was a mistake to introduce this note of bitterness into our exchanges. A shadow of annoyance crossed her face and the serenity of her mien suddenly disappeared. The lips tightened and her eyes narrowed in hostility.

"Airways Terminal," she said.

"And you expect me to pay one-and-sixpence," I said, "for the privilege of being taken somewhere I don't want to go?"

"By rights you should pay the full fare of six shillings," she said, "seeing that I've no proof that you got on at one of the authorized intermediate stops."

"But that's ridiculous," I said. "Any one of these people would swear that I got on at Circus Road." I waved my hand at the rest of the passengers.

"Traffic lights," she said, "wouldn't carry any weight with the inspector."

For a moment I could think of no suitable reply to this and I

looked round at my fellow-passengers, trying to cadge their support. It was quite clear, however, that their sympathies lay with their hostess.

But I wasn't finished yet.

"If what happens at traffic lights is none of your business," I said, "there can be no objection if I alight at the next opportunity."

"None," she said, momentarily closing her eyes, "providing you pay your fare first."

So I gave her one-and-sixpence and received an orange ticket in exchange.

By now the coach had rounded Lord's Cricket Ground and had reached Baker Street. I grabbed my case and my umbrella, moved to the door and slipped my fingers through its chromium handle. At the same time the conductress made for the sliding glass panel insulating the driver from the rest of the coach.

There are several sets of traffic lights in Baker Street. The first we missed because the coach charged through them at a dangerous and illegal speed: the second and third we missed because the driver slowed down at the first hint of a red light, and contrived, as it were, to take each crossing off the right foot. The conductress now had her head in the driver's box and her eyes were shining. I could see their little game of course and so—to my embarrassment—could the rest of the coach.

In Oxford Street I got the door open in readiness for a flying leap, but a female passenger outwitted me by complaining of the draught. At Marble Arch I hadn't a chance. Then halfway along Park Lane a cream-coloured saloon suddenly swung right across in front of the coach's bonnet and brought it to a standstill. I tore at the handle and leapt down into the rain.

From the pavement I looked back triumphantly at the coach as it swished on its way. The rear windows were full of grinning faces and a gesticulating conductress. Then I hailed a taxi and drove slowly to the coach depot of Airways Terminal to recover my parcel.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



AT THE PLAY

Before the Party (ST. MARTIN'S)—*King Lear* (GRAND, SWANSEA)

THE characters in Mr. RODNEY ACKLAND's plays are generally wild but seldom unconvincing. The family he shows us, however, in *Before the Party*, an adaptation and elaboration of a short story by Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, seems to me to smack of theatrical expediency. His *Skinner*s are suburban snobs from an age fortunately past. Mrs. Skinner is a hysterical nincompoop, her husband a Victorian papa, expecting all the troublesome things in life to be diligently kept from him lest they take his eye off the by-election he is about to contest. His middle daughter lives for golf and gloating over *Who's Who*, which she keeps beside her bed, condemning most other activities as bad form.

These *Skinner*s have magically retained two maids, a nanny and a gardener (none of the *Skinner* women can even fry an egg), but though excessively conventional in mind their common meeting-place and dressing-room, for reasons not given, is the bedroom of their eldest daughter *Laura*. She has lately returned from Africa after cutting her drunken husband's throat and is about to go off again with a young man to whose manners her family (kept pointlessly in ignorance of the fact that he is the heir of a peer) understandably object. The play's excitement lies partly in the gradual discovery by these dim,

trim people that *Laura* is a murderess, partly in her own anguish, tensely concealed from the others. At times it is exciting, but Mr. ACKLAND never quite resolves an awkward blend of farce and drama. As *Laura* Miss CONSTANCE CUMMINGS tautly conveys the sense of misery bottled up, but the part needs a deeper emotional range than she commands. Miss MARY MERRALL dithers amusingly as the mother, and Mr. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH plays the old humbug roundly. Two minor performances are excellent: Miss WINIFRED OUGHTON makes a wonderfully unstagey *Nanny* and of them all Miss MARGARET BARTON gets nearest the heart with her unhappy *enfant terrible* who asks all the pertinent questions the *Skinner*s and their like—if such indeed survive, which I question—are not prepared to answer. Would it not have been wiser to antedate the play by at least twenty-five years?

In grimly-bombed Swansea it is comforting to find the Grand Theatre (a fruity slice of Victorian theatrical cake as Mrs. Beeton might have mixed it) still intact, and an enthusiastic Arts Council company vigorously holding the stage. *Lear* was on the bill and taken with considerable distinction by Mr. HUGH GRIFFITH. Everything this young Welsh actor does has intelligence and feeling. In the majesty of *Lear* he seemed to fall short (though I liked the family atmosphere of his opening), being best in a most pathetic madness. His voice has a musical and interesting quality that gave a fine druidical flavour to the great



[King Lear]

Life with Father

King Lear—MR. HUGH GRIFFITH

A Fool—MR. WILFRID BRAMBELL

curses, but at the bitter height of *Lear*'s passion it was taxed too hard and was inclined to grow monotonous. In this he was scarcely helped by being placed sometimes almost at the back of the stage, and by having to contend on the heath with the kind of Eddystone typhoon in which the stoutest lighthousemen converse on a slate. This and some uncertainties with the verse were the main flaws in Mr. LIONEL HARRIS's otherwise sympathetic production, which was well and simply mounted by Miss ELIZABETH TAPLAY. Judged as a piece of weekly repertory it was remarkably good. Mr. WILFRID BRAMBELL's *Fool* had a real depth of pathos—the hut scene was beautifully done—and Miss MARY JONES's *Cordelia*, Mr. MALCOLM GRAHAM's *Kent*, Mr. JAMES THOMASON's *Gloucester* and Mr. BASIL HENSON's *Edmund* stood out.

ERIC KEOWN

Recommended—

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST—New—Charming production in Old Vic repertory.

THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM—Lyric—Late Restoration brilliance.

TOUGH AT THE TOP—Adelphi—Cochran's lively musical.

THE LATE EDWINA BLACK—Ambassadors—Neat psychological thriller.



[Before the Party]

Mum's the Word

Nanny—MISS WINIFRED OUGHTON

Laura Whittingham—

MISS CONSTANCE CUMMINGS



"It's gone off lately."

THEY ALWAYS FIND OUT

MRS. STUBBS, our daily woman, is a nervous wreck.

She is the pathetic result of petty officialdom.

THEY cast their sinister shadows over her life and every action she makes is fraught with hideous misgiving in case she is exposing herself to—

- (a) official censure,
- (b) a fine,
- (c) a term of imprisonment or
- (d) worse.

I met her in the kitchen poring over the joint she had just fetched from the butcher's.

"I've just saved you from serious trouble, mum," she said solemnly. "That Angell's a sly one! Tried to fob me off with a shillingsworth of meat over our ration! I said to him, 'Want to see us all in jail, I suppose—tempting us to do wrong with your extra bits! No, thank you, shopful of people or no shopful of people, right's right, and we know the regulations as well as you do!' He never said nothing—just cut a bit off. Too ashamed of breaking the law, I shouldn't wonder."

"I don't suppose it would have mattered very much, Mrs. Stubbs,"

I said absently, breaking some bread into the chicken food.

Mrs. Stubbs drew in her breath with a sharp hiss.

"You're never going to throw away good bread! They say now the pound ain't what it was, we've got to eat up every scrap. They'll find you out, mum, for sure. You'll be reported!"

I feigned deafness.

"You can't be too careful with these regulations. Why, only yesterday my neighbour offered me half a pound of butter, and says, all airy, 'Pay me any time.'

"PAY YOU!" I said to her. "Don't you know," I said, 'that it's more than my life's worth to give you money for rationed goods? That's fair Laying Me Open! Money I can't give you, but you're welcome to a pound of sugar.' Bartering's allowed, mum, one of them M.P.s said so in the paper."

She clanked one saucepan inside another and thrust them into the cupboard.

"That lady my sister does for is just such another for Shrugging Off the Law. Told my sister she didn't have to have no television licence as we are out of the area. Too far out

for the waves to come nice, or some such excuse she made. 'You tell her, Nell,' I said, 'waves, nice or not, are WAVES, and if she's receiving them she's due to pay the licence or she'll be in trouble!'

"She did ask our Nell to go Saturdays. Of course we could do with the money, but as I said to her, 'Nell don't you go, my girl, for fear they may find out and make you pay income tax. They're sharp, they are! You'll be had up,' I said."

She looked round the kitchen nervously and then came closer. Her voice had dropped to a scared whisper.

"Oh, mum, I'm so worried about my soap page. That new girl at Dogget's never cut out my coupon for last month and they'll see it when I go in to-morrow. They know I've had the soap, see, mum, and I'm so afraid I shall get into trouble for not giving up the coupon till too late. I see a bit in the paper about a woman who Flaunted the Food Office Regulations! Got fined heavy too. They always find out!"

"Cut it out yourself," I suggested "and throw it in the boiler."

If I had suggested cutting out her liver she could not have jumped more.

"Oh, mum, that would make us Accessories-After-The-Fact! Now that really would make trouble! They could easy prosecute you for that!"

"Leave your book on the table," I said briskly. "I'll see to it."

Moaning slightly she removed the book from the bottom of her basket and put it tremulously on the kitchen table. Then, bowed under her load of guilt, she weaved sadly away to polish the hall floor . . .

I wonder what they will do to me?

§ §

"I think this is one white elephant round the ratepayers' necks and it is another nail in their coffin," said Police Judge Findlay when the Council were considering an estimate for repair and renewing of doors at Barnyards Farm, which is Council property."

"Banffshire Journal"

What do you do with *your* old white elephants?

BOOKING OFFICE

To Raise Your Hair

ONE of the aspects of our civilization that would be hardest to explain to a thoughtful visitor from the Moon would be the vogue of the crime novel. One can imagine him growing politely restive and murmuring: "Ah, yes, squalor and violence have always made a direct appeal to the dregs of all societies, but what kind of stuff do your men of education read to refresh themselves?" And somehow we should have to tell him that no sooner are they tucked up with a couple of pillows and a good bedside lamp than our poets and prime ministers, our philosophers and nuclear wizards are blissfully launched on their nightly trail of blood and carnage. When you step back and consider the matter it is by no means easy to explain, and the Mass Observer from the Outer Sanity might be excused if he drew from it exceedingly unflattering conclusions: At our hasty assurance that the whole thing is merely a lighthearted exercise of the intellect he might well look a trifle embarrassed.

I must confess to a sneaking belief that the better a crime novel the more its author is wasting his talent, for to me it seems a pity for someone who can really write to revolve in the narrow circle of slaughter and deduction. On the other hand I seldom feel this about ghost stories, which offer the imagination the run of the occult world, and which personally I find vastly more exciting. Nowadays the spooks are sadly overshadowed in fiction by the legion of omniscient, don-like policemen, and therefore a collection by Mr. Algernon Blackwood is welcome. *Tales of the Uncanny and Supernatural* cover a wide field somewhat unevenly. Mr. Blackwood's deep awareness of the secret life of trees and earth is rather solemnly overwhelming. His romantic girls have an awkward habit of crying: "Oh, hark!" and the almost total absence of humour in his work produces such sentences as: "He felt her as clean and sweet as some young fawn that asks plainly to be stroked and fondled." Yet in spite of these drawbacks, and of a tendency, as in "The Man Whom the Trees Loved," to continue long after the climax is evident, there are in this collection stories of soaring invention. My own favourite is "The Man Who Was Milligan," about a clerk who becomes part of a Chinese picture and—but it is too good to give away. Hard behind it are "The Pikestaffe Case," a brilliant account of escape into the infinite by a mathematician, and "The Occupant of the Room," a grim little beauty of a story with an ending like the kick of a mule.

For sheer hair-lifting, however, it is safe to recommend *The Supernatural Omnibus* (a far more disturbing vehicle than any streetcar named Desire), collected, with an erudite preface, by the Rev. Montague Summers and reissued a few months ago. The cover conveys not a bad idea of the contents: "Stories of Apparitions, Witchcraft, Were-Wolves, Diabolism, Necromancy, Satanism, Divination, Sorcery, Goety, Voodoo, Possession, Occult Doom and Destiny." It is high time we

had a Goety Theatre. If you can't get a sleepless night out of all that you had better fall back on the telephone directory. Naturally the Victorians are largely represented, for the creeps were their especial joy: Bram Stoker ("The Judge's House," a timber-shivering piece), Miss Braddon ("The Cold Embrace," which it is indeed), Wilkie Collins, Richard Barham and J. Sheridan Le Fanu. But later writers such as Roger Pater and Jasper John are included as well. There is enough of the horrific in this fat volume to make the hardest reluctant to switch off the light.

But if straight crime is your delight then Ellery Queen's *Cat of Many Tails* should be your cup of hemlock, that is if you like it to have a dry and sophisticated tang. Mr. Queen's new novel describes a series of kindred killings that drive New York to panic. He is one of a small group of literary body-snatchers which remains more interested in the behaviour of its characters than in the details of the hunt. Although in every Queen case the latter are filled in with unflinching cunning, there is always behind them a satiric sense of criticism often expressed in phrases of enviable pungency. And also, it must be admitted, in a vocabulary sometimes baffling to normal English-speaking readers.

A much more conventional visit to the morgue, even down to the boyish jests of the police, is Mr. Hugh L. Nelson's *Fountain of Death*. It, too, comes from America and needs a glossary. Here the chase is the prime interest, but this is neatly organized, and although the writing is ordinary it keeps up a sound pace and is quite amusing.

ERIC KEOWN



Ireland and the World

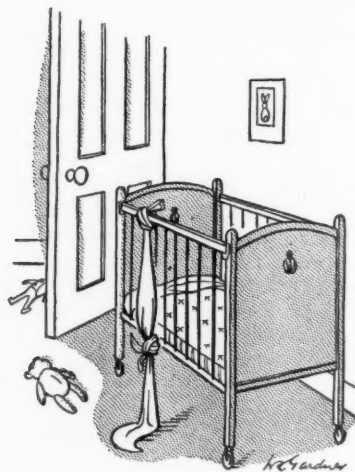
Mr. St. John Ervine, writing, in *Craigavon—Ulsterman*, of everything under the sun and particularly of his native province, the nursery of British field-marshal and American presidents, spares some appreciable part of his pages for the life-story of his ostensible subject. James Craig, first Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, as honest and courageous a gentleman as ever came out of County Down, exemplifies for the writer not so much a collection of human virtues as the antithesis of innumerable vices—the vices that give the author his excuse for mightily thwacking the Southern Irish, the Scots, Welsh, French and of course the English. Sinn Féin through a generation of upheaval is no doubt an easy mark for a well-informed opponent, but his many recitals of instances of intolerance, bigotry and trickery lose edge from mere excess of laying on, and when, writing from his home in Devonshire, he turns to attack this country he excites opposition at least as often as conviction.

C. C. P.

From Ewe-Lamb to Shepherd

Mr. Frank Sargeson's first novel, *I Saw in My Dream*, has all the brilliance of "That Summer" but lacks the qualities that distinguish a novel from a short story. He is an ambitious writer, and after this transitional book may develop into a very good novelist indeed. At present he tries to interweave a number of short story themes and episodes and the result lacks unity. Indeed, the first section of his novel was originally published by itself. The development, owing to a strenuous spell on a sheep farm, of a Mother's Boy into a real man ready to strike out on his own is a good old plot and the attempt to modernize it by using psychological symbols does not quite succeed. However, it gives plenty of scope for Mr. Sargeson's vivid and sardonic descriptions of New Zealand and its people and offers a number of varied, if unco-ordinated delights, as well as the kind of obstinate vitality that arouses interest and expectation.

R. G. G. P.



The Case for Eugénie

A characteristic posthumous gesture enables the late Mrs. Belloc Lowndes to do her chivalrous best for the much-maligned consort of Louis Napoleon. In a short undated preface to *She Dwelt With Beauty* she explains how she has reconstructed Eugénie's life between the Prince-President's metamorphosis into Emperor and his flight to England. Letters to the Empress's beloved sister, the Duchess of Alba; personal confidences from one of her closest friends to the novelist herself; an unpublished epistle of Queen Victoria's and the affectionate memoirs of a French maid-of-honour are used to obliterate the caricature of a scheming adventuress and restore the portrait of a sensitive if over-impulsive idealist.

H. P. E.

Unsolved Riddles

In his new book it is a relief to find Mr. Prokosch abandoning the sophistication of "Idols of the Cave" for an earlier and more solid manner. *Storm and Echo*, perhaps, is not such a good book as "The Asiatics"; but, because it deals with Africa and with a disillusioned and unhappy man's search for some meaning in life and in himself, as well as for a legendary white man who became a myth in the forests, it has something of that book's direct force. Mr. Prokosch is a pessimist and his reflections on life and Europe (which drove him into the unknown) are sometimes more than a little biased, to put it mildly; but when he turns from describing our moral collapse to noting the incredible lives of the dwarfs, pigmies and giant natives, the vices, rituals and ceremonies, and the fantastic landscapes, all of which he encounters on the way, he is very good indeed. *Storm and Echo* is not really a novel but a blend of personal reflections, the methods of the travel-book, and the bones of a good story.

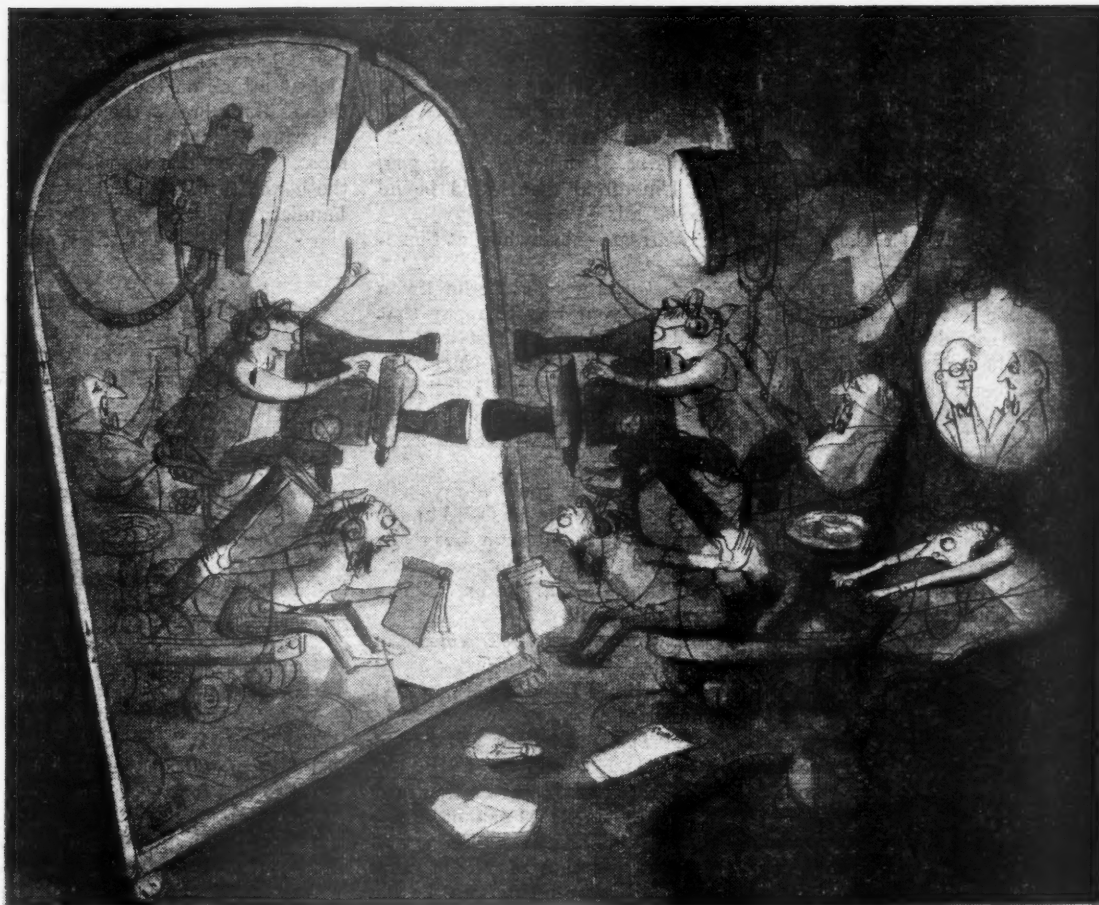
R. K.

Books Reviewed Above

- Tales of the Uncanny and Supernatural*. Algernon Blackwood. (Peter Nevill, 12/6)
The Supernatural Omnibus. Montague Summers. (Gollancz, 8/6)
Cat of Many Tails. Ellery Queen. (Gollancz, 9/6)
Fountain of Death. Hugh L. Nelson. (Arthur Barker, 7/6)
Craigavon—Ulsterman. St. John Ervine. (Allen and Unwin, 35/-)
I Saw in My Dream. Frank Sargeson. (Lehmann, 10/6)
She Dwelt With Beauty. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. (Macmillan, 10/6)
Storm and Echo. Frederic Prokosch. (Faber, 10/6)

Other Recommended Books

- A Wife at Sea*. Georges Simenon. (Routledge, 9/6)
 Two short novels, characteristically spare and swift in narrative: one about maritime disaster complicated, for the sea-captain, by a suspicious wife, the other about a murderer and his self-induced downfall.
The Best of Times. Ludwig Bemelmans. (Cresset Press, 18/-) "An account of Europe revisited, with 50 color and 110 black illustrations by the author": a large square flat book, strikingly printed (in U.S.A.), wherein pictures dispute every inch with well-written, amusing, compassionate, informative text.
Draynefleete Revealed. Osbert Lancaster. (Murray, 8/6)
 Burlesque historical guide-book to an imaginary town; "lavishly illustrated by the author." Architectural, literary and social satire.



"Very economical production . . . doing a television feature about a television feature."

THE RADIO DRAMATIST

XXII

IN whatever medium an artist may work, we can be sure that some of his most vivid effects will be obtained by means of contrast. We need not look far through a Beethoven sonata before we find a fortissimo chord followed by a pianissimo. Not very often, perhaps: Beethoven was no fool, and with an immense range of novelties of all kinds at his command—low notes followed by high, semibreves by quavers, staccato by legato and so on—with all these at his finger-tips he was not likely to imperil his reputation with a page of alternate fortissimos and pianissimos. He would be content with three or four

to the sonata—perhaps less if he was working at white heat.

The use of contrast is equally valuable in painting, and a few days ago, at a country hotel, I came across a picture ruined for the lack of it. The scene was a desolate Highland moor. In the foreground lay a dead deer and behind it crouched two peasants: snow was falling heavily. I saw at once that the work had considerable merit. There was a delightful touch of bravado in the liveliness with which the larger peasant's beard had been dashed in, and an impressive confidence and maturity about the building-up of his companion's nose. Yet some-

thing was lacking and I had hardly asked myself what it could be before I had the answer. Contrast! There was no relief in the picture from the dreary cold and gloom. What was wanted, I saw clearly, was a male figure in evening dress, blowing on his fingers. This, with its immediate suggestion of bright lights, warm fires and whisky, would undoubtedly have provided the final touch of relish to the enjoyment of the work.

To the writer for the radio the use of contrast is as important as to the musician and the painter, and I propose to illustrate this by a couple of examples taken from the work on which I am at present engaged—a

serial based on the adventures of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. In the following dialogue the speakers are Geraint, Merlin, Lancelot and Galahad.

Geraint. Look here, Merlin, I tell you that hat is mine!

Merlin. And I tell you that you are mistaken!

Lancelot. What's the matter, Geraint?

Geraint. Well, Merlin was sitting next to me last night in hall. He vanished twice during the speeches, and when he appeared for the second time, confound him, he was wearing my hat!

Galahad. Take my hat, Geraint! It's a bit worn at the back, but it will serve, no doubt. We mustn't quarrel about a hat!

Here there is a pause, and I think its effect would be increased enormously by a few gulps from the knights. Then the strains of "Land of Hope and Glory" are heard—softly at first but growing louder as Geraint exclaims gruffly "Put it there, Merlin!"

The contrast here, of course, is provided by the abrupt change from an atmosphere of rancour to one of peace and amity.

My next example is based on one of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King"—*Lancelot and Elaine*—and here I obtain my contrast by sudden changes of scene and subject-matter. Elaine loves Lancelot, but he treats her coldly and in desperation she proposes to him.

Lancelot. No, no, I'm afraid it's quite impossible, but I'm really tremendously grateful for your splendid nursing. When you marry, perhaps you and your husband would accept a castle and some land?

Elaine. It's very kind of you, but I'm afraid that would be no good at all.

Narrator. Meanwhile, at Camelot—

Arthur. I wonder, Merlin, if you could see your way to repay that small sum I lent you last week?

Merlin. Not to-day, I'm afraid, but by next Thursday I feel sure I shall be in a better position.

Narrator. But what of Lancelot and Elaine?

Lancelot. I would always side with you and your husband in any quarrels you might have, but really I'm afraid I can do nothing more.

Elaine. Well, I'm exceedingly sorry to hear it.

Narrator. Raised voices at Camelot—!

Merlin. I tell you I'll pay next Thursday!

Arthur. And I tell you I want it now!

Writing as I am far from any works of reference, I cannot be sure that it is in *Lancelot and Elaine* that Arthur's dunning of Merlin takes place. However this may be, its strong mercenary flavour adds a bite to the romantic passages which would otherwise be lacking.

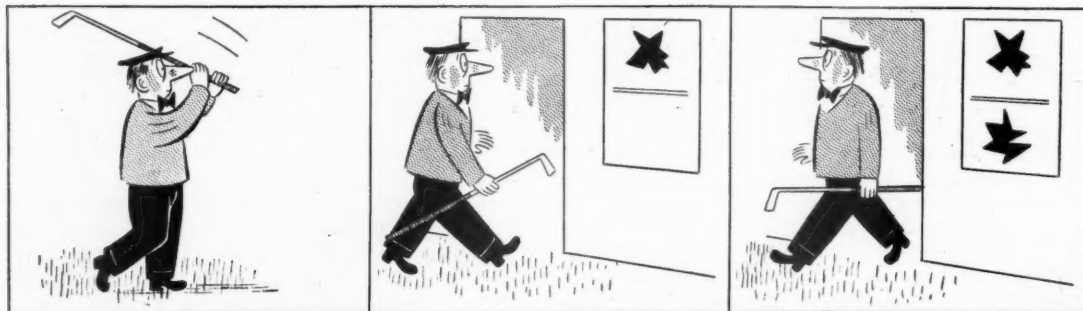
My readers may like to experiment for themselves, and I suggest

that they should try their hands at a speech in which King Arthur whips the knights into a frenzy with a violent attack on the heathen and then skilfully breaks the tension by throwing Galahad into the castle moat. The sudden transition from the heroic to the farcical, carefully handled, would be very effective.

T. S. WATT

PARADE OF THE SICK SOLDIERS

PRIVATE X, Private X,
Lend me your old bike,
All along, down along, etc.
Or I'll have for to go on a
quarter-mile hike,
With my small pack,
And P.T. kit,
Two towels,
Brushes, clothes,
Brushes, boot,
Brushes, Blanco,
Change of underwear,
Webbing cleaner,
Polish black,
Polish metal,
Knife and fork,
Spoon and mug,
Washing, shaving kit,
Books, devotional,
Respirator
And steel helmet,
Plus gas-cape and great-coat,
forsooth,
Just to get a hole drilled in a
tooth.



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- | | |
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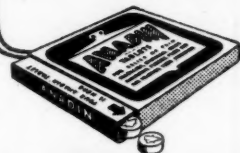
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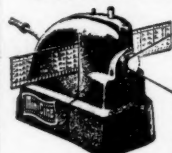
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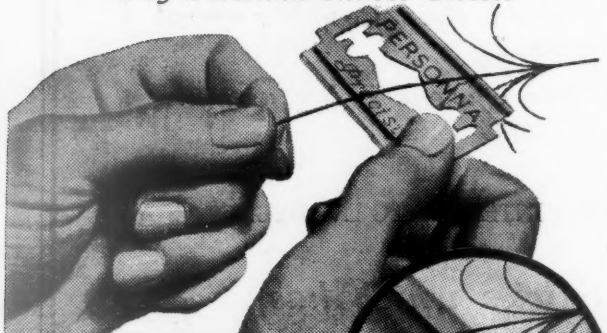
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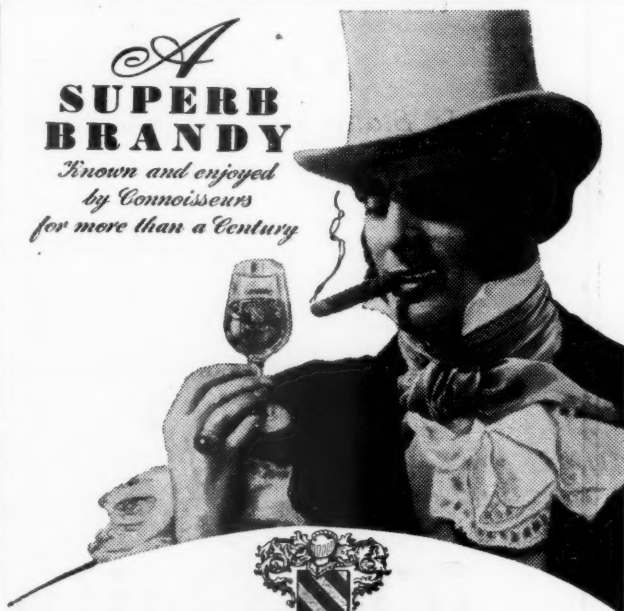
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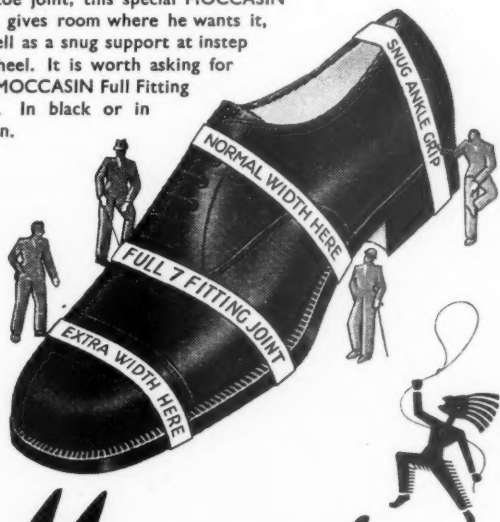
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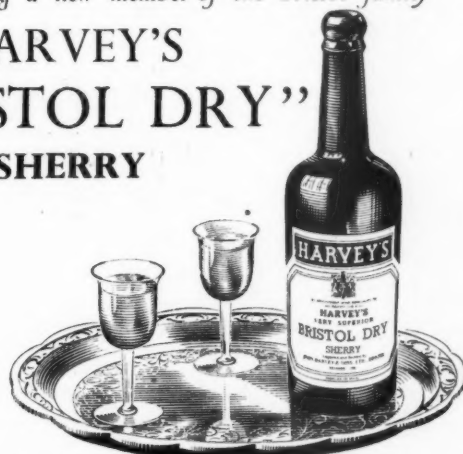


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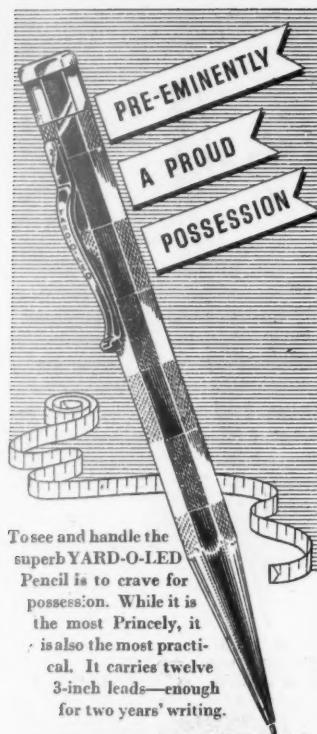
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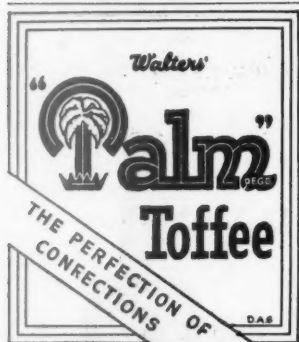


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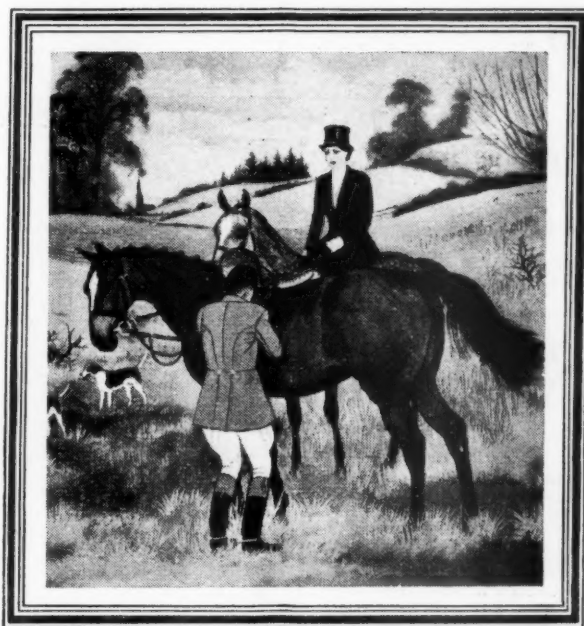
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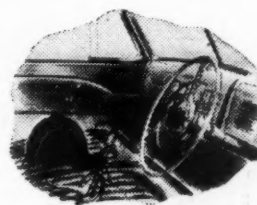
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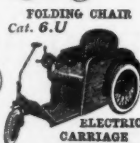
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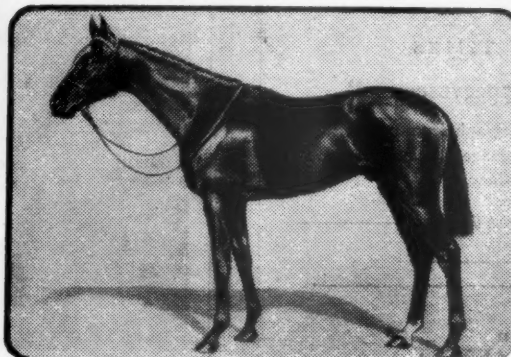
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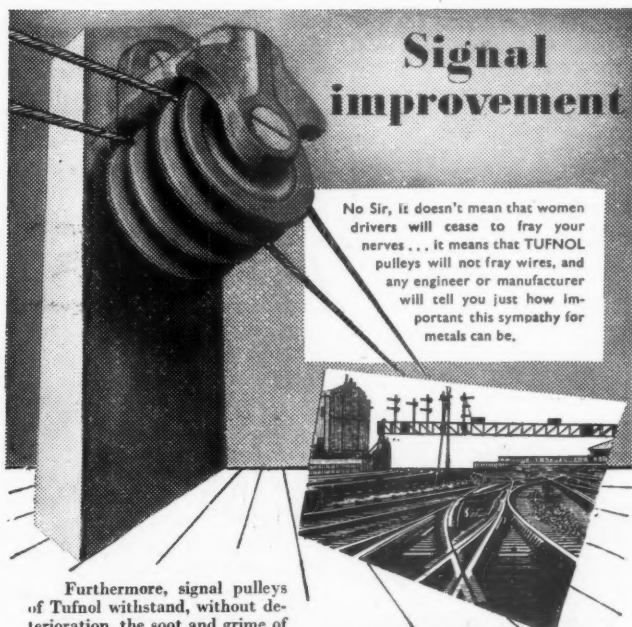
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Anaesthesia

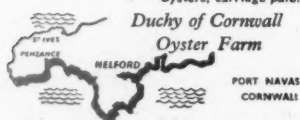
The anaesthetic properties of ether were discovered by Michael Faraday in 1818. Nineteen years before that, another British chemist, Humphry Davy, anaesthetized himself with nitrous oxide, or "laughing gas," which has since become so important in dental surgery. Then in 1847 chloroform was introduced by James Young Simpson, an Edinburgh physician.

Though ether and chloroform are still used in surgery, the quest for improved anaesthetics has continued to this day; chemical research has produced even safer and more efficient materials. Procaine, a synthetic local anaesthetic widely used in dentistry, has developed from a study of the chemical structure of a natural substance, cocaine. Other milestones in anaesthesia have been the introduction of ethyl chloride, cyclopropane, vinyl ether, trichloroethylene, and also other anaesthetics which are administered not by inhalation but by injection into the veins or the spine. The achievements of British chemistry in the field of anaesthesia are two-fold. Firstly, its research has contributed greatly to the range of anaesthetics available to-day. Secondly, the British chemical industry is now producing these anaesthetics to the high standards of purity essential in the field of medicine.



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KEENES LABORATORIES LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 4.

**Head
can't
think**
eyes cannot smile



When you feel you can't tackle a single thing more—when your head aches, your eyes ache, your nerves are all strung up—take two tablets of Phensic. The effect is like the touch of a smooth, cool hand across your brow. Pain goes. Nerves quieten. *You smile again!* That's what Phensic can do! 4d., 1/6 & 3/8.

Phensic
for quick safe relief
FROM HEADACHES, RHEUMATIC PAIN,
LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, COLDS & CHILLS

**The World's
Best-Known
EMBROCATION**

(Enjoying universal favour for a hundred years. Elliman's continues to grow in popularity, and is undoubtedly the World's best known Embrocation. It has been used and trusted by generations of sufferers from RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, STIFFNESS)

**RUB IN
ELLIMAN'S
RUB OUT
PAIN**

NATURE'S WAY: Rubbing eases Pain. Rubbing with ELLIMAN'S removes it!

Furmoto
non-slip FLOOR CREAM

GUARANTEED
100%
NON-SLIP

In tins 1/6, 3/-, 5/- and larger sizes at Grocers, Ironmongers, Stores, etc.

£100 FREE INSURANCE
AGAINST SLIPPING
given with every tin

In case of difficulty, write for name of nearest stockist to:—
FURMOTO CHEMICAL Co. Ltd., 1-3 Brixton Rd., London, S.W.9

The B.N.E. Electric Cooker is

**SO EASY
TO CLEAN**



**JUST A WIPE . . .
AND IT'S SPARKLING BRIGHT !**

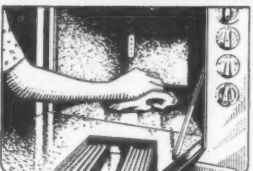
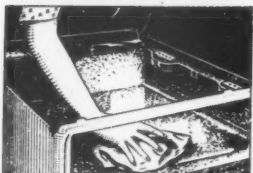
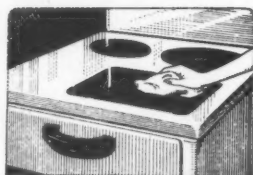
No sharp corners or grease traps, no burning to create dirt—just a wipe with a cloth and the smooth porcelain enamel surfaces are bright and gleaming. And when a thorough cleaning is necessary, all the oven and hot-cupboard fittings lift out in a twinkling to leave smooth sides with rounded corners that make cleaning easy.

Be sure to examine the new B.N.E. cooker at your electrical showroom before you buy or hire-purchase your new cooker.

B.N.E. Model C.49



Write for publication E.C.6
BRITISH NATIONAL ELECTRICS LTD.
The domestic appliances section of JOHNSON & PHILLIPS LTD.
Established 1875
34 NEWARTHILL • MOTHERWELL • SCOTLAND



**for a
cleaner
world**



RAIN THE REASON

RAINETTES

THE REMEDY



**Ask your
shoeman
for**



**NORTH
BRITISH**

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO. LTD. EDINBURGH, LONDON & BRANCHES

Also Manufacturers of Tyres and Tubes, Golf Balls and Golfing Accessories,
Hot-Water Bottles, Flooring, Hose.

In factories and canteens, in hotels, restaurants and cafés, in schools and hospitals—higher standards of cleanliness are demanded to-day. Fortunately, Shell research has in recent years produced new detergents which ensure cleanliness wherever they are used—with half the effort and half the time. These new cleaners, far ahead of any previously known, owe their efficiency to vital ingredients derived from petroleum—an immense scientific achievement for which you can



thank Shell Chemicals

The
EXPORT VALUE
of
BRITISH INSURANCE
is **£33,000,000 a year**

£33,000,000 a year is a lot of money. And that is what British Insurance brings into this country from overseas.

For two reasons these earnings are specially valuable today.

★ First, some £20,000,000 of the total comes in the form of badly needed dollars.

★ Second, it is all clear gain, calling for no imports of raw materials, making no demands on shipping space.

£33,000,000 a year is the value of the confidence that other countries have in British Insurance. We simply cannot afford to forfeit their confidence.

SAY NO TO NATIONALISING INSURANCE

Issued by the British Insurance Association.



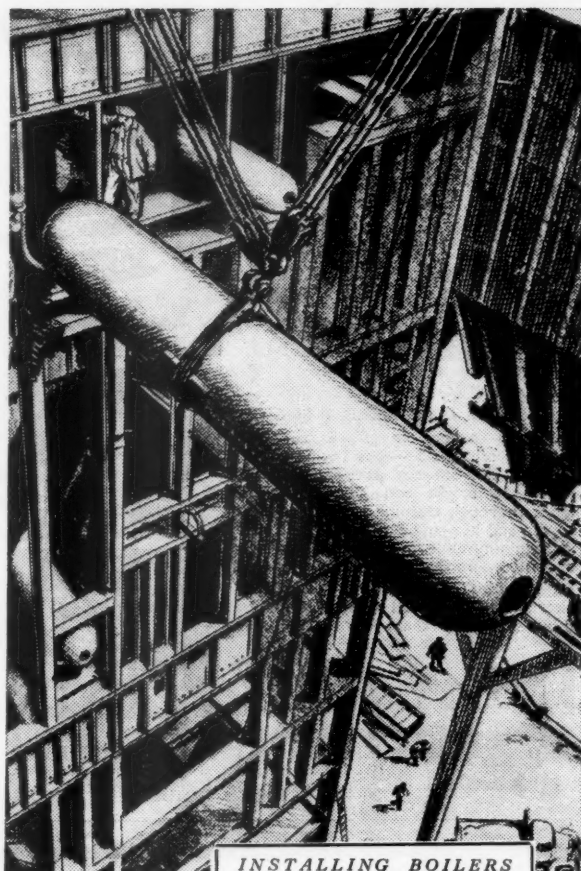
**Can you spot
the denture
wearer?**

Two pleasant smiles, both completely natural. Yet one of these men has dentures. *Can you say which?* In fact it is the younger man — but who could tell? New materials and new methods have produced dentures that defy detection. There is no need for anyone but the wearer to know they are there. This is especially true when

you keep your dentures clean the simple Steradent way. Steradent keeps dentures sparkling clean and fresh — good to look at, good to feel in your mouth.

Steradent

cleans and sterilizes every type of denture



INSTALLING BOILERS
in Britain's 38 new Power Stations is a Herculean task. Towering to over 100 feet, the boilers are assembled by skilled erectors working high above the ground.

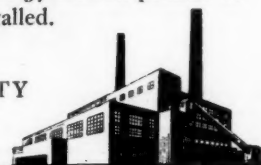
more power

—AND WHAT IT MEANS FOR YOU

THE GIANT STEAM DRUMS for the boilers of a modern Power Station are fabricated from steel plates up to 4 and 6 inches thick, depending on the boiler pressure. Too big to be assembled at the works and then transported, the boilers have to be built up at the Power Station site.

Some of the new boilers for British Electricity's 38 new Power Stations — which are part of the plan to end power cuts in the factories and your home — can produce half a million pounds of steam per hour. A total new capacity of over 37 million pounds of steam per hour is being installed.

BRITISH ELECTRICITY



Master OXO



adds the master flavour

Don't let *these eyes...*



become these...



There comes a point, dear Madam, when you have to think of your eyes *first*. After all, they most reveal your looks, your age, your character. Take proper care of them. Give them enough rest. After sewing or such like, use Optrex to refresh them. And, of course, use Optrex for all other minor eye troubles—both for yourself and your family—even the youngest. *Yes, even for Baby.*

The large size is much better value.

Optrex *the* EYE LOTION

SNOWDALE the Overboot
that fits any height of heel



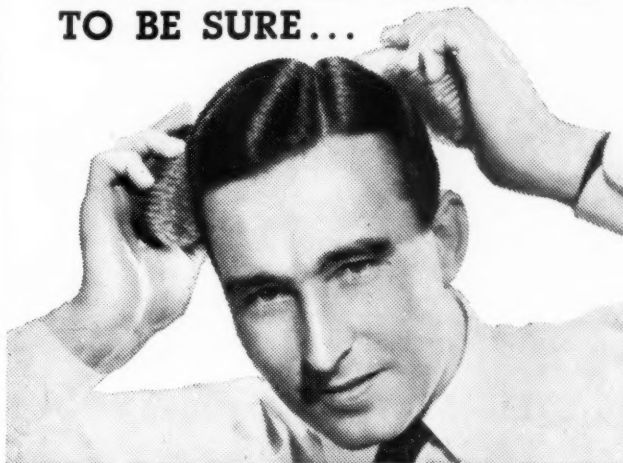
Price 62/-
Tax Free

Over your brogues, your spike-heels or ballet shoes goes "Snowdale"—Clarks magically neat overboot... with a billow of sheepskin for luxury.

ONE OF

Clarks ESKIMOS

BRYLCREEM
TO BE SURE...



makes a tidy difference to your hair

Let Brylcreem look after your hair and you're bound to benefit—for Brylcreem gives your hair this *double* benefit.

(1) Day-long smartness. (2) Lasting hair health.

Besides setting the hair naturally, Brylcreem with its pure emulsified oils keeps the roots active and promotes natural hair growth. Dry Hair and Dandruff soon become things of the past when you Brylcreem your hair. Ask for Brylcreem, it gives hair life.

County Perfumery Co., Ltd., Honeypot Lane, Stanmore, Middx.



STOP *ironing lingerie*

STOP *throwing clothes away*

STOP *losing fit and looks*

STOP *giving food to moths*

STOP *mending holes for hours*

STOP *taking care*

STOP AT EVERY SHOP YOU SEE

AND SEE IF **Nylon's** **THERE**



*Never have pretty clothes worn half so well as nylon undies, nighties, blouses, bras and girdles.
Don't stop at anything till you've found them . . . They're coming to the shops—and nylon stockings too*